"LOLITA"

Screenplay

by

Stephen Schiff

Adapted from the Novel by

Vladimir Nabokov

REVISED DRAFT

MAY 15, 1995

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (1952)

A beat-up 50's car, a Melmoth, driving slowly just outside a small town. It creeps over into the left lane, where it zigzags very evenly. This is not the weaving of a drunk. The driver seems to be veering back and forth on purpose.

The CAMERA PEERS THROUGH his grimy front WINDSHIELD, but we can't quite make him out. Cars come at him, then swerve into the opposing lane, HONKING brutally.

2 EXT. INTERSECTION IN A SMALL TOWN - DAY

The light turns red, but the Melmoth sails through it.

A bloodied gun sits on the seat next to Humbert. The CAMERA TILTS UP to his hands on the steering wheel. Between his right thumb and index finger, a bobby pin.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
Lolita.

A CLOSEUP of HUMBERT HUMBERT's eyes. They are aglow.

HUMBERT
Light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul.

A CLOSEUP of his mouth.

HUMBERT
Lo-lee-ta.

3 EXT. HOTEL MIRANA - DAY (1920'S)

The palmy grounds of the Hotel Mirana. A car driving up. Its well-heeled passengers -- The LEIGHS -- get out. Valets handle their bags. We hear Humbert continuing in voice over.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
But there might have been no Lolita at all had I not first met... Annabel.

Through the crowd, the CAMERA FINDS ANNABEL, daughter of the Leighs, alighting from the taxi and looking around approvingly.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
She was twelve.

We GLIMPSE her fleetingly through the crowd. Then we see that this is Humbert's POV -- he is watching her from the hotel steps.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
I was thirteen. And whatever happens to a boy during the summer he is thirteen can mark him for life.

3 CONTINUED:

A SHOT of the hotel, as if in a photograph album.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
That hotel you see, the Mirana -- that belonged to us.

4 A SERIES OF SHOTS

Under the next speech, a series of short, family-photo-style SHOTS, some of them antic, almost Monty Python-esque.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
My father was half French and half Austrian. My mother was English. She lived long enough only to determine my accent, and then, when I was five, she died. Rather suddenly.

5 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Under a bare, isolated tree, HUMBERT'S MOTHER is picnicking when she is abruptly -- and comically -- hit by lightning.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
A chill crept into my life, and for years I thought nothing could warm me again -- until Annabel.

6 EXT. FRENCH RIVIERA BEACH - DAY

YOUNG HUMBERT sits in the sand with Annabel. Her parents tower above them, several yards away, snoozing in lounge chairs.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
She wanted to be a nurse. I wanted to be a spy. All at once, we were madly, hopelessly in love.

They are hypnotized by each other. Annabel lets sand spill through her fingers, and then her hand creeps through the sand toward Humbert's. Their fingers touch. They steal a glance backward at her parents, who are snoring in the sun. Annabel brings her <u>bare knee</u> stealthily toward young Humbert. It touches his thigh. They glance back again at their overseers, and this time their sightline has been blocked by some playing children. They kiss, but their pleasure ends when some of the playing children crash into them and shower them with sand.

7 EXT. THE BEACH AND CAVE - DAY

8 INT. CAVE - RIVIERA BEACH

A cave. Humbert peers in. He hears RUSTLING. As his eyes adjust to the light, he sees Annabel, who is undressing -- and looking at him. She reaches under her dress, pulls off a pair of white cotton underpants tripped in blue ribbon, and tosses them in front of her.

8 CONTINUED:

Humbert goes toward her and picks up the underpants. Kneeling, he slowly pulls out the blue ribbon. She takes his hand -- the one with the ribbon in it -- and draws it toward her to help her unbutton her dress.

A red ball bounces INTO FRAME, followed by TWO BEARDED BATHERS.

BEARDED BATHER 1 (O.S.)
It went in -- hello. Well, come on then! Go to it, lad! Go on!

Young Humbert jumps up, trying to shield Annabel from the men, as she struggles to get back into her shorts.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT./EXT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

We are LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW in the Hotel Mirana, watching The Leighs and two friends playing bridge. The CAMERA PULLS BACK AND DOWN the hotel's exterior, then OVER an expanse of lawn, finally ENDING on the ruins of a low wall in a mimosa grove. There, young Humbert and Annabel are beginning to make love.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
On our last night together, we managed to escape to a mimosa grove, leaving her jailers upstairs to play bridge.

Young Humbert kisses Annabel's ears, the corner of her lips. As he reaches beneath her light dress, a dreamy and eery expression comes over her features. She trembles. Her bare knees catch and compress his wrist, and the CAMERA MOVES to her face as she rubs her dry lips against his. She reaches down to grasp him as well.

In the hotel suite, Mrs. Leigh shoots out of her seat.

MRS. LEIGH
Where's Annabel?

Mr. Leigh appears on the steps in front of the lawn.

MR. LEIGH
Annabel! Where are you, girl?

Annabel and Humbert give each other a long, aching, loving look.

10 CLOSEUP - YOUNG HUMBERT'S FACE

Distraught. He has been weeping.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. BEACH (WINTER)

Pewter skies and a wintry wind. Young Humbert stands alone, and we are behind him, looking toward the sea.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
Four months later, she died of typhus. In Corfu.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 EXT. A EUROPEAN PARK - DAY

Grown-up Humbert is sitting on a park bench, pretending to read but actually watching young Girls jumping rope, playing hopscotch, etc.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
The shock of her death froze something in me. The child I loved was gone, but I kept looking for her -- long after I had left my own childhood behind.

One of the Girls comes over to Humbert's bench, props a foot on it next to him and leans over and fixes her roller-skate. Humbert watches with a little too much interest.

CUT TO:

13 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN

Humbert in the Parisian Metro, basking in the aura of a young Girl leaning over him to read a map on the wall, her curls dangling near his face.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
The poison was in the wound, you see. And the wound wouldn't heal.

16 INT./EXT. TRAIN - DAY (1947)

Humbert in a train rolling through green American countryside.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
I probably should have joined the priesthood. Instead I accepted a teaching post at Beardsley College in America. I had a summer free before the fall semester, so I thought I'd finish the textbook I was working on -- a survey of French literature for American students.

17 EXT. RAMSDALE STATION - DAY

Humbert on the train platform, heading through the station, and getting into a cab, as the voice-over continues.

17 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT (V.O.)
I took my advance and went to live with some old friends of my late uncle's, the McCoos, in the New England town of Ramsdale.

17A EXT. BURNT-OUT MCCOO HOUSE - DAY

Humbert and McCoo stand before the burnt ruins of McCoo's house.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
But on arriving I found that it was no longer there.

18 EXT. RAMSDALE STREETS - DAY

Humbert in an American taxi rolling along leafy, small-town streets, looking at a piece of paper with a number on it. In the background, a large dog stretching and getting to its feet.

MCCOO (V.O.)
No one was hurt, thank God. That's all that matters. The wife, you know, was out shopping. Buying some things for --

He is suddenly too moved to go on.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
Look, Mr. McCoo, don't worry about me. I'll just go back to New York. I can stay in my uncle's apartment until the new owners arrive.

MCCOO (V.O.)
No, no, wouldn't hear of it. We've made arrangements for you. You can stay with Charlotte Haze. You'll like Charlotte. She's a widow now, of course, poor thing. Been wanting a boarder. Cheer her up to have a man around the house again.

The dog pursues the taxi, which swerves and screeches. In the back seat, Humbert bumps his head on the door.

19 EXT. LAWN STREET - DAY

The taxi stops in front of a white-frame house, the Haze house, and Humbert gets out, wrestles with luggage and fare, goes to the door, and rings the bell. A black MAID opens the door.

LOUISE (MAID)
Just a minute. Something's burning.

20 INT. HAZE HOUSE

She rushes back into the house. Humbert steps in. The house is bourgeois-arty, with souvenirs from Mexico everywhere. A print of Van Gogh's "L'Arlesienne" is on the wall.

LOUISE
Miz Haze be down in a...

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
Is that Monsieur Humbert? I'll be down in one...

She is on the upper landing, leaning over the banister.

LOUISE
She be down in one...

CHARLOTTE
Monsieur Humbert?

She arrives smoking and gesturing. We see the long ash at the cigarette tip and we watch her tapping it. Ash flies everywhere.

HUMBERT
Yes. Uh, Mrs. Haze, is it?

They shake hands. She picks a bit of tobacco from her tongue.

CHARLOTTE
Charlotte. I'm so pleased to make your acquaintance. Frank McCoo told me all about your scholarly pursuits. You know, I myself just cherish the French tongue.

HUMBERT
Mmmm. Could I -- do you mind if I--?

CHARLOTTE
Oh, sit down, Professor Humbert. I'm being so thoughtless. Drink?

HUMBERT
No, thanks. Really can't stay.

CHARLOTTE
Don't be silly.

They sit. Humbert gets up, extracts an apple core he has sat on, and places it in an ashtray, which is overflowing with butts.

CHARLOTTE
Humbert Humbert. I was going to ask you -- it's an unusual name.

20 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Yes, isn't it? My father had rather an odd sense of humor.

CHARLOTTE
Well, I can tell you're going to adore Ramsdale. You're going to fit right in. We've got Hourglass Lake just up Route 17, and Tuesday night's our theater group. No less a personage than Clare Quilty -- you know, the playwright? He gave us a reading last week. And that's not uncommon -- his brother, Ivor, is our dentist here. Oh, and we've got Great Books on alternate Thursdays. But I guess you probably know them all by heart. Maybe you'd like to be a guest speaker?

HUMBERT
I tell you, Mrs. Haze --

CHARLOTTE
Charlotte.

HUMBERT
Charlotte. I'm so awfully tired. Perhaps we could just look at the room, and then...

CHARLOTTE
Oh, I'm so sorry. I just -- well, let's do the tour. Living room --
(she burps)
-- excuse me. You've seen the living room. These things are mostly Mexico...

She picks up a stray sock and stuffs it in a pocket.

CHARLOTTE
(calling out)
Louise, have you cleaned in here?
(to Humbert)
Harold and I -- the late Mr. Haze -- we adored Mexico. The whole idea of a culture that sophisticated -- and we think of <u>them</u> as primitive. I mean, look at us!

HUMBERT
Indeed. Yes.

CHARLOTTE
Upstairs. And this is your room. Space for a desk -- anything you want. And at $20 a month, you can't beat the price...

21 INT. HAZE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

They pass bedroom doors and a bathroom, with limp wet things overhanging the dubious tub, a hair curl inside it, a rubber shower hose, and a pinkish cozy covering the toilet lid.

CHARLOTTE
Over here, these are our rooms. And here's the bathroom -- sorry, a little messy. I don't mind mess; it's filth I can't stand. But Louise takes care of that. Oh! Speak of le diable!

LOUISE
I'll go now, Mrs. Haze.

CHARLOTTE
Yes, Louise, all right. Did I pay you? I'll pay you Friday?

LOUISE
That's all right.

22 INT. HAZE HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS.

They go back downstairs.

CHARLOTTE
Kitchen. And if you have any special food needs, you just say. Well, I don't know if Ramsdale can provide foie grass like you're used to, but -- what's that?

Humbert has pulled a brochure from his pocket and is studying it surreptitiously.

HUMBERT
What? Oh... Timetable. Just, for when I -- You know I think I may have to go right back to New York. This afternoon, actually. Baudelaire conference. You understand.

CHARLOTTE
(taken aback)
I'm afraid you're not too favorably impressed. This is not a neat household, I confess. But I assure you, you will be very comfortable, very comfortable indeed. Now don't say no until you've seen the piazza. I call it the piazza.

23 EXT. PIAZZA

She pushes the door open and they enter the back yard.

23 CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE
So much work. To keep it healthy and green. A life's work...

24 EXT. THE PIAZZA - DAY

Lolita in a pool of sun, half naked, turning to look at him through dark glasses. A garden sprinkler is turning gently. The water touches her and moves on. Her skin is wet, and where her dress is wet it sticks to her. A black kerchief is tied around her chest. Her hair is chestnut.

Everything stops. There is a ROARING in Humbert's ears.

Her honey-hued shoulders. Her supple bare back. Her stomach. Her dark glasses.

CHARLOTTE
That's my Lo--Dolores, my daughter. And these are my lilies.

HUMBERT
(shaken to his core)
Yes. Yes. They are beautiful, beautiful.

25 EXT. THE BACK PORCH - DAY

Lolita taking clothes off a clothesline. Humbert -- casually dressed, shoes off -- is watching her. It is obvious he has moved in. Lolita wears a plaid shirt, jeans with a fetchingly worn bottom, no shoes. She puts the clothes in a tub, lazily brings the tub to the porch, glances at him.

LOLITA
Hi.

Sitting on the step of the porch, she scoops peaches out of a can with her hand, and eats them. The syrup drips.

HUMBERT
You like peaches.

LOLITA
Who doesn't? You want one?

HUMBERT
No, no. I generally wait till after the sun goes down.

LOLITA
For what?

HUMBERT
Peaches.

25 CONTINUED:

He gazes at her bare arms. She begins to pick up pebbles with her feet and tosses them at the can. The SOUND of PEBBLES hitting the can: PING. PING.

LOLITA
How come?

HUMBERT
Keeps the lions away. I learned that in Africa.

LOLITA
Learned what?

HUMBERT
About peaches.

She looks at him and grins.

LOLITA
You're nuts.

He gazes at the silky shimmer above her temple grading into her hair. Her feet pick up more pebbles: PING. PING. Suddenly, Charlotte rises INTO THE FRAME. She has a camera.

CHARLOTTE
Don't move. Don't change anything. Oh, Humbert, really! You look like the cat who swallowed the canard.

The FRAME FREEZES into a snapshot of Humbert looking sheepish.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. HUMBERT'S ROOM - HOT SUMMER DAY

Humbert at his desk, filling his fountain pen and writing in his diary. During the following voice-over, he hears girlish VOICES, goes to the window, and peers out.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
A normal man given a group photograph of schoolgirls and asked to point out the loveliest one will not necessarily choose the nymphet among them...

27 EXT. HAZE HOUSE - HUMBERT'S POV

Lolita is outside strutting around with her friend ROSE. The voice-over continues as the girls call to each other.

27 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT (V.O.)
... You have to be an artist, a madman, full of shame and melancholy and despair, in order to recognize the little deadly demon among the others. She stands unrecognized by them -- unconscious herself of her fantastic power.

ROSE
(faintly; to Lolita)
See you later, alligator.

LOLITA
After a while, crocodile.

ROSE
(starting to giggle)
Real soon, Daniel Boone.

LOLITA
Get fucked, Daffy Duck.

Peals of laughter.

Humbert smiles. Lolita unblouses her flannel shirt and flaps it to cool herself. She walks over and stands in the sprinkler. Then, as Humbert watches, she goes to the laundry line, removes her flannel shirt, and hangs it up.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 INT. HUMBERT'S ROOM - NIGHT

He is typing. He stops for a moment -- he hears a FLAPPING SOUND outside. He goes to the window.

29 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The flannel shirt flapping on the line.

30 INT. HUMBERT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Humbert goes back to typing. Suddenly, a voice.

LOLITA (O.S.)
You woke me up.

He turns to see her. She is standing in the doorway in oversized pajamas, rubbing her eyes. One pajama leg is trailing.

HUMBERT
Sorry. I'll stop.

He closes the typewriter case. She smiles at him and shuts his door. He stares at the door a moment, his heart racing.

30 CONTINUED:

He goes to the door, opens it, and looks down the hall. Lolita's door is closed. There is a sign on it: STAY OUT!!! THIS MEANS YOU!!!

31 INT. DOWNSTAIRS AND KITCHEN - NIGHT

Humbert goes downstairs toward the kitchen. Lolita's pajama bottoms are hanging on the newelpost. He tiptoes to the kitchen entryway and stops: there is Lolita, now in panties and pajama top, sitting on the floor in front of the open refrigerator, which bathes her bare legs in its chilly light. She is reading a comic, humming softly to herself, and eating ice cream out of a container balanced on one of the refrigerator shelves. Humbert stares at her, too enchanted to move or speak or even breathe.

32 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

Humbert in the hallway, listening to Charlotte and Lolita.

CHARLOTTE
I don't see why I have to waste all my energy screaming at you all day long.

LOLITA
Yeah. Right. Me either.

CHARLOTTE
That's about enough sarcasm out of you, young lady.

FOOTSTEPS approach the stairs. Humbert ducks back into his room.

CHARLOTTE
(calling up the stairs)
Be back in about an hour, Humbert. And don't let her go out with Rose. She's being punished.

HUMBERT
I'll keep watch.

Humbert sits at his desk, fiddling with his diary. Lolita meanders into his room and looks in the mirror.

Humbert hurriedly puts his diary in a drawer. Lolita presses her eyelid.

LOLITA
Ow.

HUMBERT
What's the matter?

LOLITA
Something in my eye.

32 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Let me see.

He goes to her and gently turns her to him.

HUMBERT
Keep still.

LOLITA
It's right...there. See? I can feel it.

HUMBERT
There it is. You know what a Swiss peasant would use when you get something in your eye?

LOLITA
What?

HUMBERT
Tip of his tongue.

LOLITA
You gotta be kidding.

HUMBERT
Should I try?

LOLITA
Sure.

He does. It works.

LOLITA
Wow. Incredible.

HUMBERT
Now the other eye?

LOLITA
You dope.

She sees that he is puckering, bringing his lips toward her eye. She grins sweetly at him.

LOLITA
Okay.

He presses his mouth to her eyelid and for a moment the mood is oddly erotic. Then she laughs and whisks out of the room. Humbert sits, dazzled.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. THE PIAZZA - NIGHT

Humbert, Charlotte and Lolita sit outside on cushions, with Lolita squeezed between Humbert and Charlotte in a daughterly sort of way. Charlotte and Humbert are nursing half-empty wine glasses while Lolita is playing idly with a chewed-up doll, a ballerina made of wool and gauze. Lolita is wearing her retainer. She is flicking the doll to and from Humbert's lap.

LOLITA
I could be a dancer. That's a major option. Because I do have a natural grace. And, you know, a sort of sad beauty.

CHARLOTTE
Sort of sad is right.

HUMBERT
(to Lolita)
I'd like to see you dance some time.

CHARLOTTE
Little girls always want to be ballerinas, don't they? I know I did. But I think I was -- how shall I put it? -- just a tad too plump? Is that the right word?

LOLITA
Yes.

Charlotte scowls at her and rises.

CHARLOTTE
I'll get more Vouvray.

She goes in the house.

LOLITA
(conspiratorially)
Make her take us to Hourglass Lake tomorrow.

HUMBERT
Me?

LOLITA
She'll do anything you say. She's getting a thing about you.

Charlotte returns and sits with them.

CHARLOTTE
Whisper, whisper. What are you two so cozy about?

33 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
(covering for Lolita)
Did I ever tell either of you that I was once a cook at the North Pole?

LOLITA
A cook?

HUMBERT
Well, not exactly a cook. I just opened a few cans. It was a weather expedition -- at least that's what they said it was. But they were lying of course. They were a bunch of spies. It was very hush-hush. But I did shoot a polar bear.

CHARLOTTE
Oh no!

The doll flicks between Humbert and Lolita in the half light. Lolita brushes unconsciously against Humbert.

HUMBERT
But I missed.

LOLITA
So how come you shot a polar bear? That's a lousy thing to do.

HUMBERT
Well, I found him with his mouth in the ice cream mixer. I couldn't possibly let that pass. We lived on ice cream.

CHARLOTTE
I thought polar bears were the South Pole.

LOLITA
(sarcastically)
Those are penguins. Mother.

HUMBERT
Quite right. There's a very big difference between penguins and polar bears -- you know what it is, don't you?

Lolita grins expectantly, sidling up to Humbert.

HUMBERT
I mean, have you ever seen a penguin-skin rug?

Lolita giggles, flipping her doll. Her arm brushes his leg.

33 CONTINUED: (2)

HUMBERT
Ever walk on one? Crunch. Crunch. Terrible.

Lolita giggles with abandon. She's getting punchy. She brushes against Humbert's thigh.

LOLITA
You're out of your gourd. Humpy.

CHARLOTTE
Will you stop fidgeting with that doll?

Charlotte grabs the doll and throws it into the dark.

CHARLOTTE
And now we all think that Lo should go to bed. Lo?

LOLITA
What do you mean 'we,' paleface?

HUMBERT
(to Lolita)
Well, as I was saying, there I was with my special white polar bear gun. To blend in, you know.

The PHONE RINGS.

LOLITA
It's for me.

She jumps up and runs into the house, slamming the door in a way that makes Charlotte wince.

CHARLOTTE
You'll forgive Lo's bad manners, I hope. Oh, now what?

We hear a pop RECORD, "My Carmen," BOOMING. Lolita is dancing to it in the background. She is surprisingly graceful and alluring.

LOLITA (O.S.)
Humbert! Look! It's my own original modern dance creation.

CHARLOTTE
(yelling)
Dolores Haze! Turn that thing down!
(to Humbert)
Honestly, she's an absolute pest. Just slap her hard if she interferes with your meditations. Know what I would like?

(MORE)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLOTTE (Cont'd)
If you happened to still be here in the fall, would you mind helping her with her homework? Especially geography, mathematics, French --

HUMBERT
(far away)
Anything. Anything at all.

34 INT. HUMBERT'S ROOM

Humbert is at his desk, writing in his diary. OFFSCREEN, we hear Charlotte and Lolita BICKERING.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
I long for some terrific disaster. Earthquake. Spectacular explosion. Her mother instantly eliminated, along with everybody else for miles around. Lolita in my arms.

He cocks an ear.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
I've told you a thousand times, I don't like finding your hair on the soap.

LOLITA (O.S.)
It's clean hair, isn't it?

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
It's disgusting.

Humbert hears Lolita trudging up the stairs. He gets up, opens his door, sits back down. He listens hard, following Lolita with his ears -- the SQUEAK of the bathroom-DOOR HINGE, the FLAP of the TOILET ROLL, the FLUSH of the TOILET, the WATER in the SINK, the DOOR OPENING. Then Lolita is GLIMPSED passing his door. And back again. Finally, she wanders in, shuffling, not looking at Humbert, picking up pieces of paper, pretending uninterest. The CAMERA EXAMINES her with Humbert. She maunders over to his desk and lackadaisically tries to read his diary.

LOLITA
I'm sleepy today.

HUMBERT
Me too.

LOLITA
Really? You been having trouble sleeping?

HUMBERT
You can't imagine.

34 CONTINUED:

She sits down on his lap, and, as she settles herself, wriggles on his knee. Her lips are parted.

LOLITA
Listen. Am I getting a zit?

HUMBERT
What?

LOLITA
Can you see a pimple on my chin?

HUMBERT
No... you look just... perfect to me.

LOLITA
No, there. See it?

He looks at her, mesmerized. She looks at him looking at her. She smiles.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
(calling from downstairs)
Humbert?

Lolita leaps off Humbert's lap and rushes out of the room.

34A INT. THE HALLWAY

Charlotte is coming up the stairs just in time to see Lolita scampering down the hall. She sticks her head in Humbert's room.

CHARLOTTE
Is she keeping you up?

34B INT. HUMBERT'S ROOM

She looks at him quizzically.

HUMBERT
I beg your pardon?
(beat)
Oh, no. No no no.

35 EXT. HAZE HOUSE - DAY

Charlotte and Humbert walking toward the blue Melmoth.

CHARLOTTE
So you can help me pick out a perfume. I just know you have a wonderful sense of these things, living in Paris and the Cote D'Azure the way you did.

35 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Well, I'm no expert. I've always followed my nose, certainly.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, don't be so British, Professor. You know everything about everything. I just want you to choose something. Choose your favorite seduction!

She laughs and gets in the car. Lolita appears at the front door.

LOLITA
Hey! Where do you guys think you're going? I'm coming too.

Across the street, a truck has deposited a wheelchair. The driver gets in and reverses slowly, blocking the street.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, this truck! What is he doing?

Lolita runs to the car.

CHARLOTTE
What is she doing?

Lolita gets in, crawls over Humbert, and sits between them.

CHARLOTTE
What are you doing?

LOLITA
(to Humbert)
Move your bottom, you.

CHARLOTTE
Lo!

LOLITA
And behold!

The truck drives away. Charlotte jerks the car forward.

CHARLOTTE
You would think a child would know when she's not wanted. And needs a bath!

Charlotte GRINDS the GEARS. Humbert looks down at Lolita's bare feet.

She has adhesive tape over her big toe, and her toenails show bits of cherry-red polish. Lolita slips her hand into his. He strokes it. The car drives on. Charlotte HONKS at traffic.

35 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLOTTE
What have I done to deserve this?

Lolita grins at Humbert and squeezes his hand.

LOLITA
(to herself)
Hum. Mum and Hum. Hum and Mum.

36 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Humbert is in his pajamas brushing his teeth. As he turns off the water, we hear the PHONE RINGING. Humbert stares at himself in the mirror, opens the door, and comes onto the landing.

LOLITA (O.S.)
It's for me.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
No, it isn't. Bring Mr. Humbert his breakfast.

LOLITA (O.S.)
Anybody seen my other sneaker?

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
Dolores!

Humbert hears Lolita approaching the stairs. He slips into his room. The door opens and Lolita appears with his breakfast tray. She has one sneaker on and one off.

LOLITA
Don't tell. I ate all your bacon.

She giggles and goes. We hear her FEET SKIPPING downstairs. Humbert grins, then sneaks out onto the landing. Charlotte is on the telephone.

CHARLOTTE
I'm so sorry to hear it ... Probably just a 24-hour bug ... Exactly, and I'm sure he'd enjoy meeting you, too -- what?...
(smiling coyly)
... Oh, I know all about those rumors ... Jean, stop ... I do admit it. He's a very attractive man, but that doesn't mean ... Oh, now...

The phone is hung up and we hear Charlotte near the stairs. Humbert freezes.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
Dolores --

36 CONTINUED:

LOLITA (O.S.)
What can you do in life with just one tennis shoe?

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
Dolores, that was Mrs. Farlow.

LOLITA (O.S.)
So?

CHARLOTTE
So Rose has a temperature and she can't go to Hourglass Lake.

LOLITA
So?

CHARLOTTE
So you and I and Mr. Humbert aren't going, either. We'll go next Sunday.

LOLITA
Oh yeah?

CHARLOTTE
Lo, don't give me that tone, please. Are you ready for church?

LOLITA
I'm not going to that disgusting church.

CHARLOTTE
Young lady...

LOLITA
No picnic, no church.

CHARLOTTE
Fine with me, miss. It's your conscience. But your room had better be spick and span by the time I get back. And wash your hair, young lady!

LOLITA
I washed it.

CHARLOTTE
When?

LOLITA
Couple of months ago.

The door slams. Humbert listens for a moment and then slips out of the room, leaving his breakfast tray on a chair by the door.

Still in his pajamas, he goes downstairs, humming nervously. We FREEZE FRAME on his face as he descends, and we hear this V.O.:

36 CONTINUED: (2)

HUMBERT (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury! I hope you'll try to participate in the scene that's about to be played. Even now, my heart is still thumping from it. I still squirm and emit low moans of embarrassment. But bear with me, please.

37 INT. HAZE HOUSE - DAY

Humbert hears Lolita in the kitchen and sits on the sofa reading a magazine, so that she'll see him when she enters. Which she soon does, holding an apple. Lolita plops herself on the sofa next to him. Her skirt balloons up and then subsides.

She tosses her apple in the air and catches it.

LOLITA
What's a conscience? Whatever it is, I don't have one.

Another toss of the apple. Humbert intercepts it and hides it behind him.

LOLITA
(playfully)
Give it back! That's my apple!

He tosses the apple from hand to hand. She snatches it, and bites into it voluptuously.

LOLITA
How come you won't go to church with my mom?

HUMBERT
I might one of these days.

LOLITA
You're just like me, aren't you?

HUMBERT
How so?

LOLITA
We're bad.

HUMBERT
Are we?

LOLITA
Mmm-hmm. Pretty bad. What are you reading?

She snatches the magazine out of his hand. During the next few lines, they struggle for the magazine, and he winds up with it.

37 CONTINUED:

She lands in the corner of the sofa, and she flings her legs across his lap.

HUMBERT
Thief!

LOLITA
Hey, what is this, something dirty?

HUMBERT
Dirty! It's Look Magazine.

LOLITA
I hate these magazines. Look. Life. Time. Why do they have to have such boring names?

She snatches the magazine back and leafs through it, noshing her apple. He leans close to her. Her hair touches his temple. Her arm brushes his cheek as she wipes her lips on her wrist.

HUMBERT
Because they're American magazines and Americans don't like to read anything complicated.

She shifts on his lap.

HUMBERT
Um. Now, Americans, Lolita...

LOLITA
What'd you call me?

HUMBERT
Lolita. Do you mind?

LOLITA
I don't know. I guess not.

She turns the pages, brushing against him with her arm, her shoulder, her knee.

LOLITA
Jeez, look at this Salvador Dali guy. What a creep. How does he get his mustache like that?

Her bare knees knock together impatiently.

HUMBERT
He takes a pinch of wax, and he twists and smooths it around his mustache, like this.

Humbert demonstrates on his own imaginary mustache. As he does, he twists toward her, under her legs.

37 CONTINUED: (2)

LOLITA
Does he think that's cool?

HUMBERT
Now, as I was telling you about these Americans, if you categorize something for them --

He moves under her. Her legs twitch.

HUMBERT
-- Sorry -- if you just categorize what they're looking at as Life or Time when, well, it's just a lot of photographs of famous people, that's all. They might make more money if they went ahead and called it People --

LOLITA
What are you doing? Wow, William Holden!...

HUMBERT
I'm sorry, it's an itch -- must be the fan in my room, it...

LOLITA
Look at him! This guy is like a dream come true. Hey! Look! I love this guy!

HUMBERT
... dries the air, I suppose.

LOLITA
He does that great song. You know.
(singing)
Oh my Carmen, my little Carmen...

Her legs twitch on his lap as she sings, and we see her bare knees knocking against each other. He begins to sing with her, off-key, making up nonsense words that she corrects, and all the while he is moving under her legs. He is breathing more rapidly.

HUMBERT
Charmin' Carmen. Started garglin'.

LOLITA
Those magic nights.

HUMBERT
Those pre-Raphaelites.

LOLITA
No, come on. And the stars and the cars and the bars and the barmen.

37 CONTINUED: (3)

He moves under her. Her legs twitch. Her slipper falls off. She rubs her heel against a pile of old magazines. Humbert's hand comes to rest lightly on her shins.

HUMBERT
The bars that sparkled and the cars that parkled...

She strains to put her apple core in an ashtray. As she does, her legs and buttocks shift and twist in his lap.

His eyes. Lolita's face, blurred. The sun through the curtains.

HUMBERT
... and the curs that barkled and the birds that larkled.

LOLITA
And oh my charmin, our dreadful fights.

Lolita almost throws away the apple core but instead brings it back to her mouth and nibbles at it.

HUMBERT
Such dreadful blights.

LOLITA
And the something town where arm in...

His hand goes up her leg onto her knee, and then her thigh.

HUMBERT
(breathless)
Oh, look what you've done to your thigh!

LOLITA
... arm, we went, and our final row, and the gun I killed you with, O my Carmen...

HUMBERT
Ah!

LOLITA
... the gun I am holding now.

Humbert massages her thigh.

HUMBERT
You've bruised your thigh!

LOLITA
(in a shrill voice)
It's nothing at all!

She wriggles and squirms, throws her head back.

37 CONTINUED: (4)

HUMBERT
Ah!

He kisses her bare neck. We see Lolita's eyes.

HUMBERT
Ah, God.

LOLITA
I'll get it!

She leaps from the sofa and runs to the PHONE, which has been RINGING faintly for a few seconds now. Humbert lets his head fall back on the sofa. He rouses himself, looks down at his pajamas, and glances toward Lolita on the phone. Lolita nods at him and makes a kind of yakety-yak gesture with her free hand. Her cheeks are flushed, and her hair is mussed. Her dress and bobby-sox are askew.

LOLITA
... yeah, but why would I ever in my whole life want to have lunch with you and Mrs. Chatfield? ... So what if Phyllis is there? ... Well, what's the surprise?... Tell me now ... no, now... Now... Cripes, all right, I'll come ... No, you have to come get me... I don't want to walk. Bring the car -- my little Carmen.

She winks at Humbert in a surprisingly provocative way. Now he tries to get up, but he and his clothes are in some disarray. Just as he begins to sneak off the sofa...

LOLITA
Okay. Fifteen minutes. I <u>will</u> change my clothes. Okay.

She hangs up the phone. Humbert, partly out of his chair, and clutching his pajama bottoms around him, half-moves toward the stairs, then hesitates as Lolita approaches.

LOLITA
What's with you?

HUMBERT
With me?

LOLITA
Yeah, you're all crouchy. You sick or something?

HUMBERT
Oh. Toothache.

LOLITA
Toothache?

37 CONTINUED: (5)

HUMBERT
Terrible. Think I'd better just sit back down for a moment.

She regards him, a grin playing about her lips.

LOLITA
You're a pretty funny customer.

With a flirty look, she flees upstairs to change, singing to herself. Humbert follows her with his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Candlelight.

Humbert and Charlotte at the dining room table. Humbert is eating coldcuts and salad. Charlotte's plate is empty. She sits gently and precisely arranging the silver cutlery on both sides of her plate, looking across the table at Humbert, smiling.

CHARLOTTE
How do you like the salad? My dressing?

HUMBERT
Perfectly judged. You're not eating?

CHARLOTTE
No, no, I'm happy to watch you.

He eats.

CHARLOTTE
How peaceful it is when Lo isn't here. Don't you think?

HUMBERT
Where... in fact... is she?

CHARLOTTE
Don't worry. We have the whole evening to ourselves. And I'll give you another piece of good news. She's going to be out from underfoot for the next two months. The Chatfields are sending Phyllis to Camp Kewattomie -- we call it Camp Q. And Lo's going, too, thank God. On Thursday.

HUMBERT
What?

His eyes twitch.

39 CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE
Oh, she threw a fit when I told her about it, but she'll love it once she gets there. She's been doing nothing but moaning and groaning and bothering you, and -- Humbert, my God. You look terrible. Are you all right?

HUMBERT
Toothache. Incredible toothache.

CHARLOTTE
Well, how awful. We're going to have to send you straight to Dr. Quilty in the morning.

HUMBERT
No, that's all right. I'm sure a good night's sleep --

CHARLOTTE
Well, don't be silly, you poor sweet man. Sleep doesn't cure teeth. Now, shall we take those candles with us and sit for a while on the piazza, or do you want to go to bed and nurse that tooth?

HUMBERT
Um. Nurse that tooth.

40 INT. LOLITA'S ROOM - DAY

Charlotte and Lolita are packing for camp. Charlotte has a roll of name tags that she is cutting up: "Dolores Haze Dolores Haze Dolores Haze," etc. Lolita has a foamy toothbrush in her mouth throughout the scene.

CHARLOTTE
And I want these name tags sewn on all your things by morning.

LOLITA
I don't want to go.

CHARLOTTE
I don't believe I asked your opinion.

LOLITA
I don't want to go, and you can't make me.

CHARLOTTE
Look. We all think it's a good idea. Professor Humbert thinks it's a good idea, I think it's a good idea. You Are Going!

40 CONTINUED:

Lolita storms out, toothbrush in mouth, carrying a shoetree. Humbert is standing on the landing, looking sheepish, and Lolita smashes his arm with the shoetree as she passes him.

LOLITA
Double-crosser!

She tramps down the stairs, as Humbert ruefully rubs his arm.

41 EXT. HAZE HOUSE - POV FROM HUMBERT'S ROOM - DAY

The car is being packed for Lolita's departure for camp. Lolita is excited, Charlotte is hopping, Louise is lugging stuff around. Up in his room, Humbert is writing, but he can't help going to the window periodically to watch the preparations. He sees Charlotte climb in the car and slam the door. Lolita gets half in, waving at Louise, and then looks up toward Humbert's window. A moment later she is out of the car, scampering up the stairs.

42 INT. HUMBERT'S ROOM

Humbert hitches up his pajama pants, flings open the door, and Lolita rushes into his arms. She kisses him full on the lips. He tries to speak but cannot, and suddenly she is gone again, tripping back down the stairs.

43 EXT. HAZE HOUSE - POV FROM HUMBERT'S ROOM

Humbert throws himself toward the window, near tears, and watches the car pull away, with Charlotte at the wheel, silently bawling Lolita out, the dog chasing the car, and old Miss Opposite waving feebly but rhythmically from her veranda.

44 INT. HUMBERT'S ROOM/LOLITA'S ROOM

Humbert tears away from the window and stumbles into Lolita's room. He throws open her closet and plunges into a heap of her crumpled clothes, wrapping himself in them.

Presently, he becomes aware of LOUISE'S VOICE calling from the stairs. Humbert pulls himself together and runs to the door. Louise looks a bit alarmed to see him emerging from Lo's room.

LOUISE
My, those stairs. Got something <u>for</u> you, Mr. Humbert.

She hands him an envelope.

HUMBERT
Thank you, Louise.

LOUISE
All right, Mr. Humbert. I'm going now. I'll be seeing you tomorrow.

44 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Yes. Right.

She clumps back down the stairs, mumbling to herself, and we hear the FRONT DOOR SHUT. Humbert goes to his desk and opens the envelope. During the following V.O., he gets up, staggers into the hall, still reading, and continues into Lolita's room.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)
This is a confession: I love you. I have loved you from the minute I saw you. I am a passionate and lonely woman and you are the love of my life. Now, my dearest, dearest, you have read this. Now you know. So will you please, at once, pack and leave. Go. Departez. Adieu. The situation, cheri, is quite simple. Of course, I know with absolute certainty that I am nothing to you, nothing at all. Oh, yes, you enjoy talking to me -- and kidding poor me - - and you have grown fond of our friendly house and even of Lo's noisy ways. But I am nothing to you. Right? Right. So please destroy this letter and go...

Humbert, still reading, crawls into Lolita's bed. He looks devastated: he thinks he has to leave. His eye twitches. The CAMERA MOVES from Humbert's face to a ledge above the bed, with the roll of "Dolores Haze" name tags, unwound. We continue UP the wall behind the bed, with pictures of William Holden and John Garfield and also a picture of Clare Quilty, puffing Dromes next to the words: "WORLD-FAMOUS PLAYWRIGHT CLARE QUILTY SAYS, 'THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A DROME -- THE THINKING MAN'S SMOKE.'"

Then a tacked-up page from a magazine: it shows a radiant young mother, a handsome young father, and a bright preadolescent daughter.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)
... I shall return by dinner time, and you must be gone by then. You see, cheri, if I found you at home, the fact of your remaining would mean only one thing: that you want me as much as I do you, as a lifelong mate, and that you are ready to link up your life with mine forever and ever and be a father to my little girl...

The CAMERA MOVES IN on the father's hand, which is nuzzling the daughter's golden hair. Then it MOVES UP to where Lolita has crayoned an H.H., and an arrow pointing to the man. Humbert tucks the sheet under his chin and smiles.

46 INT. HAZE KITCHEN - DAY

Humbert downs a slug of gin. He gasps, takes a couple of deep breaths, and then downs an even bigger slug of gin.

47 EXT. HAZE HOUSE - GARDEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Humbert mowing the lawn, lurching blearily, singing to himself. He keeps his eye on the street. A car goes by. The DOG from next door runs after it BARKING. Across the street, Leslie, Miss Opposite's black gardener, is also mowing the lawn. He waves. Finally, Charlotte's blue sedan comes INTO VIEW. Humbert disappears behind the house with the mower. He mows the back lawn. He looks up. Charlotte is at the window looking down. She sees him. He waves up at her, like a contented suburban husband.

CLOSEUP of Charlotte's face. Humbert turns off the mower.

50 INT. HAZE BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

Humbert and Charlotte at breakfast. Humbert eating ham and eggs, Charlotte, in her red bathrobe, watching him lovingly.

CHARLOTTE
Now this is bliss. This is heaven on earth. Isn't it, Hum?

HUMBERT
Mm.

CHARLOTTE
You have to admit --
(she burps)
-- excuse me. You have to admit, it's awfully peaceful without Lo underfoot.

HUMBERT
Awfully.

Charlotte is absentmindedly opening mail. Some envelopes are addressed to Mr. and Mrs. H.E.Humbert.

CHARLOTTE
I do hope Camp Q. teaches her some respect. She's so spiteful. Remind me to pay this phone bill. It was even worse in Pisky -- Ohio, where she grew up. Bad grades -- she just moped around all day.

HUMBERT
She was unhappy?

CHARLOTTE
What you don't know about little girls, Hum.

(MORE)

50 CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE (Cont'd)
I remember all too well -- boys twisting your arm, pulling your hair, hurting your breasts -- not that Lo has what I had then, poor thing. But Lo can be such a handful. Stuck Viola Miranda in the derriere with a fountain pen last month just before school let out.

HUMBERT
Just high spirits, I'm sure.

CHARLOTTE
(opening mail)
How're the eggs? Well, what do you know? She's written us a letter. 'Dear Mummy and Hummy. Hope you are fine. Thank you for the candy. I am having a time. Very truly yours, Dolly.' Very truly yours. Look, the dumb child left out a word before 'time.' And, Hum, I wish you wouldn't send her candy without consulting me.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. HUMBERT'S ROOM - DAY

Humbert is working on his book. Charlotte appears, jumps on his lap, and kisses him. He groans slightly under her weight, but when she looks at him, he smiles.

CHARLOTTE
Darling?

HUMBERT
Yes?

CHARLOTTE
You're working on your book, aren't you?

HUMBERT
Mm.

She toys with papers on his desk. She pulls on drawers.

CHARLOTTE
Darling, I'm not clear about something. Did you postpone your teaching job, or cancel it completely?

HUMBERT
Postpone. I can take it up any time I want.

Charlotte pulls on a drawer and finds it's locked.

51 CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE
Ooh, a secret drawer. What's in it?

HUMBERT
Old love letters.

CHARLOTTE
Can I see?

HUMBERT
No.
(beat)
Charlotte, just let me finish this chapter, and then I'll join you downstairs. All right?

She slides off his lap, a little huffily, but she's not quite ready to go. She lights a cigarette. She picks a bit of tobacco from her tongue.

CHARLOTTE
Hum.

HUMBERT
Yes.

CHARLOTTE
I have a surprise for you. Since you don't have to worry about that teaching job in the fall, we're going to England.

HUMBERT
(smiling pleasantly)
And I have a surprise for you, darling. We're not going to England.

CHARLOTTE
What?

HUMBERT
I'm allergic to Europe, and that includes England. The Old World isn't just old, darling, it's rotting. And no colored ads in your magazines will make me warm to it again.

CHARLOTTE
Well, whoever said --

HUMBERT
Listen. Even in the most harmonious of households -- as this one is -- not all decisions are taken by the wife. There are certain things that the husband is there to decide.

51 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLOTTE
Hum, I --

HUMBERT
Now I'm not cross. I'm not cross at all. But I am one half of this household, and I have a small but distinct voice.

She falls to her knees, shaking her head and clutching his trousers.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, Hum. I never realized. I've been such a fool. You're my husband, my ruler, my god. Let's make love, right away --

HUMBERT
Let me just finish this chapter. And bring me a gin and tonic -- would you mind?

She rushes from the room. He picks up a book and starts to read.

52 INT. CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Humbert and Charlotte are making love, Charlotte on top, in ecstasy. Humbert gazes at a small picture of Lolita by the bed.

53 INT. HAZE DINING ROOM - EVENING

Humbert and Charlotte finishing dinner.

CHARLOTTE
Well, if you don't want to go to England this fall, we should spend a week upstate. We could go to the Enchanted Hunters. It's a fabulous old inn, and it's -- What were those things you gave me?

Her eyelids are drooping.

HUMBERT
What things, darling?

CHARLOTTE
Those little capsuley things. You know, for my nerves? I'm getting kind of woozy, Hum. You know, they're making me feel awfully romantic.

HUMBERT
I was hoping they would.

53 CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE
You know, I could set aside the dishes for a moment, and we could go upstairs for a little snuggle.

HUMBERT
Tell you what. You go up and slip into something comfortable. I'll do the dishes in a flash and meet you in bed.

CHARLOTTE
Don't be long, Humpty. I'm so -- my God...

She staggers out of her chair and heads for the stairs, half-singing "I'm in the Mood For Love." Humbert hums along and begins clearing the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. KITCHEN

Humbert washing some dishes, still singing.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
Throughout most of July, I had been experimenting with various sleeping tablets, trying them out on Charlotte, who was a great taker of pills.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. HAZE HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS

Humbert wiping his hands on a dish towel. He heads upstairs.

56 INT. CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM

Charlotte is splayed out on the bed, wearing a fetching nightie, but out cold.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
The last dose I had given her had knocked her out for four hours. But that was not enough to guarantee me an undisturbed night.

Humbert looks at Charlotte and quietly sings "I'm in the Mood For Love." She doesn't stir. In a SERIES of soft CUTS, we see him with an enormous flashlight, which he shines in her face; we see him poke a finger at her thigh, then give it a little pinch. We see him yell to her, prod her a bit harder, on her leg, at her waist, and PLAY a RADIO loudly next to her ear. Over all this, we hear:

56 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT (V.O.)
So this time Dr. Melnick prescribed something more potent.

Secure in the knowledge that nothing will wake her, he slips off his clothes and puts on his pajamas, and then collapses into bed with a grateful sigh. He fluffs the pillow, falls back heavily, and then, quite pleased, rouses himself to give her a little good night kiss. Whereupon Charlotte wakes up and grabs him --

CHARLOTTE
Oh, Hum. At last.

-- and he succumbs to her embrace like a drowning man.

57 EXT. HOURGLASS LAKE - DAY

Humbert and Charlotte park the car in a parking area and walk down toward the lake. They wear swimsuits and robes.

CHARLOTTE
Do you know, Hum, I have one most ambitious dream. I would love to get hold of a real trained maid like that German girl the Talbots spoke of. And have her live in the house.

HUMBERT
But there's no room.

CHARLOTTE
Surely, cheri, you underestimate the possibilities of the Humbert home. We would put her in Lo's room. I intended to turn that hole into a guest room anyway.

HUMBERT
Where would Lo sleep?

CHARLOTTE
Little Lo, I'm afraid, does not enter the picture at all. Little Lo goes straight from camp to a good boarding school -- with strict discipline and some sound religious training.

Humbert's eyes begin to twitch. He rapidly puts on his sunglasses, and he and Charlotte walk on in tense silence.

They reach the lake, which is completely empty and placid, and Charlotte spreads out a towel. She sits. Humbert stands for a moment, and then sits beside her, fighting anger and disgust.

CHARLOTTE
It's so hot, Hum. Let's go in.

57 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
(darkly)
Yes. Let's go in.

Charlotte pulls on a black bathing cap, and they enter the water. We see Charlotte's white thighs: gooseflesh. Charlotte flings herself forward with a great splash. Humbert follows, looking intent. They swim out toward the middle.

The lake, almost empty.

Humbert WATCHING Charlotte's head bobbing in the waves. Her pale lips. Her tight black cap. Her plump wet neck. Humbert dives. Charlotte looks around.

CHARLOTTE
Hum?

58 INT. HOURGLASS LAKE - UNDERWATER

The CAMERA RACES toward Charlotte's flailing legs. Humbert grabs them, pulling her below the surface. She struggles and blubs.

Humbert standing on the bottom of the lake, holding Charlotte's legs. Bubbles of her last breath.

59 EXT. HOURGLASS LAKE

Humbert's head breaks the surface.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
But what do you know, folks. All the logic of passion had been screaming in my ear: Now is the time, now is the time. And, folks, I just couldn't do it.

We are back to the shot of him WATCHING Charlotte's head bobbing. She has not drowned -- he has only fantasized it. For one delirious moment, he thinks he has almost killed her and now must save her. He reaches out to her, and she turns in surprise.

CHARLOTTE
God, you startled me. Are you all right?

Humbert, dazed, looks at her.

HUMBERT
Sorry. I'm just -- I was just following a train of thought.

CHARLOTTE
Was I on that train?

59 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
You certainly were.

CHARLOTTE
You're a sweetheart.

60 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Humbert talking to DR. MELNICK.

HUMBERT
I think I must be immune. What would you give me if I wanted to knock out, say, a cow -- just for seven or eight hours? So that, you know, the cow would stay asleep even if you were tossing and turning next to it?

MELNICK
Look, try these. They're new. My wife takes 'em, and I don't hear a peep out of her all night.

HUMBERT
Sounds like just the thing.

Melnick hands him a bottle of pills.

61 EXT. STREET - CAR DRIVING - AFTERNOON

Humbert's car turns onto Lawn Avenue. He hums "My Carmen."

The DOG lurches after the car, BARKING. The car stops at the Haze house, and the dog follows it, still barking.

Humbert gets out. He raises a foot as if to kick the dog, and the dog retreats. Miss Opposite is in her chair on the veranda, rocking. She waves. A nurse in white stockings and shoes walks toward her house, depositing some letters in the mailbox on the way. Humbert picks up the newspaper the paperboy has thrown onto the porch and, with a jaunty step, enters the house.

HUMBERT
I'm home!

He stops. Charlotte is sitting at a bureau with her back to us, dressed as though for a luncheon.

62 INT. HAZE HOUSE

She is writing a letter.

HUMBERT
Hello?

Charlotte stops writing for a moment and sits very still. Then she slowly turns in her chair.

62 CONTINUED:

Her face is crumpled and tear-stained. She stares at Humbert's legs.

CHARLOTTE
The Haze woman, the fat cow, the obnoxious mamma -- the old stupid Haze woman is no longer your dupe --

HUMBERT
Charlotte, for heaven's sake --

Humbert sees his diary sitting on her writing desk.

CHARLOTTE
You're a monster. You're a detestable, criminal monster. If you come near me, I'll scream out the window. Get away from me!

She swings the diary at him, lunging crazily.

HUMBERT
Darling, this is all just --

CHARLOTTE
I am leaving tonight. You can keep the house -- I don't care. But you're never going to see that miserable brat again. Get out of my sight!

Humbert staggers back, out of the room. He heads for the stairs.

63 INT. HUMBERT'S ROOM

He goes in. The drawer to his table is open, the key in the lock. He sits for a moment, thinking, his head in his hands.

64 INT. THE STAIRS

Humbert going downstairs. He walks into the dining room and talks to Charlotte through the half-open door.

HUMBERT
(quietly)
Listen, darling. This is nothing. The notes you found were fragments of a novel I've been working on. Your name and Lo's just came in handy. Part of the literary process. Let me get you a drink. I'll show you what I mean.

Charlotte keeps writing, her back to him.

65 INT. KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM

Humbert pours scotch into two glasses. He opens the REFRIGERATOR, which ROARS at him. We can see he's thinking, worried but confident that he can change Charlotte's mind. He takes out an ice tray, puts it in the sink, and turns the water on it. The FAUCET WHINES horribly. The ICE CRACKLES. The icebox bangs. Humbert adds SODA, which FIZZES loudly.

He carries the glasses into the dining room, on his way to the parlor where Charlotte has been writing.

HUMBERT
A little scotch will clear both our heads -- damn.

The PHONE is RINGING. He puts the drinks down and picks it up.

HUMBERT
Yes?

VOICE
This is Leslie, sir. Across the street? Mrs. Humbert, she's been run over. You better come quick.

Humbert kicks open the parlor door, still holding the phone.

HUMBERT
There's this man on the phone saying you've been killed, Charlotte.

66 INT. THE LIVING ROOM

As Humbert scans the room we see that Charlotte is not there.

67 EXT. HAZE HOUSE AND THE STREET

Humbert rushes out of the house. A bizarre panorama greets him. On the far side of the street, a big black Packard has climbed Miss Opposite's sloping front lawn. All the car doors are open. We can clearly see the mailbox at the corner of Miss O.'s lawn. Miss O. is sitting in her rocking chair, staring and dazed, mumbling to herself. Her nurse is running toward her with a tumbler in her hand. An elderly man with a white mustache, wearing a gray suit and a checked bow tie, is lying on the grass, his feet propped up by a blanket. His eyes are open and he is alive, but he looks badly shocked.

The DOG is BARKING and sniffing at people. Leslie, the black gardener, is standing with MR. BEALE, the driver of the car. TWO POLICEMEN are questioning them. Beale is shaking his head and gesticulating helplessly.

On the sidewalk, under the car, a figure lies beneath a blanket.

HUMBERT
Where's my wife?

67 CONTINUED:

POLICEMAN
You Mr. Humbert?

HUMBERT
I am.

BEALE
Oh, Jesus. She ran right out in front of me. I didn't have a chance.

The policeman lifts the blanket.

POLICEMAN
This Mrs. Humbert?

68 CHARLOTTE'S FACE

Her eyelashes are wet.

HUMBERT
Oh my God. My God.

He staggers. The policeman helps him lean against the car.

POLICEMAN
I'm very sorry, sir.

Humbert leans, dazed. A LITTLE GIRL in a pink dress touches his hand. She is holding three envelopes.

LITTLE GIRL
She was going to the mailbox. I saw her.

HUMBERT
Thank you, dear.

He looks at the envelopes. The first one is addressed to Saint Quentin's Boarding School for Young Ladies; the second one is address to Jean Farlow, and the third to Dolores Haze, care of Camp Kewattomie. Humbert stuffs the letters in his pocket.

HUMBERT
Officer, I've got to -- I'm going to have to sit down. I'll just be over there, at home, across the street.

POLICEMAN
You go right ahead, sir.

69 INT. HAZE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Humbert drinking gin and burning the letters in the fireplace.

He begins to weep. He gets up and stands in the middle of the living room. He goes to the dining room, where the two scotches still sit. He returns to the living room.

69 CONTINUED:

His diary is on the floor, and he puts it in his pocket.

70 INT. HAZE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

Slowly he goes upstairs. He stands on the landing and then enters the master bedroom. Charlotte's suitcase is on the bed, in the first stages of packing. He unpacks it and then puts it back in the closet. He stops. He looks at himself in the mirror. He goes into Lolita's room. He looks again at the page from a magazine and Lolita's crayoned H.H. He spots a bobby pin on the desk and picks it up gently.

71 INT. HAZE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Humbert on the phone.

HUMBERT
And when does she come back from her hike?

VOICE
Later today. Well, pretty late.

HUMBERT
Listen, Mrs. Holmes, I want you to handle this situation with the utmost delicacy. Dolores' mother is ill. She's been hospitalized.

VOICE
Why, that's just awful.

HUMBERT
The situation is grave, but please don't tell Dolores that.

VOICE
No, of course not.

HUMBERT
Can she be ready to leave with me tomorrow afternoon?

72 EXT. HUMBERT'S CAR DRIVING - DAY

73 EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING

Humbert at a pay telephone.

HUMBERT
Is that the Enchanted Hunters Hotel?... Inn, sorry. Yes, this is Mr. Humbert. That's Edgar H... Yes, Humberg. No, 'bert. Bert... Tomorrow night. Just one night, please, a room with twin beds. For two.

(MORE)

73 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT (Cont'd)
Well, one and a half people... It's just for me and my small, uh, short daughter.

He goes into the gas station men's room, locks the door, and peers at himself in the grimy mirror. From his pocket he removes a bottle of pills, shakes a capsule into his hand, and, watching himself in the mirror, pretends to pop one in his mouth and swallow. But the pill is still in his hand. He tries it again, and smiles at himself in the mirror.

74 EXT. CAMP KEWATTOMIE - DAY

Humbert parks his car in a pine grove. A red-haired Boy in a green shirt is throwing horseshoes.

HUMBERT
Hello. Can you tell me where I might find Mrs. Holmes?

The Boy sullenly points.

75 INT. MRS. HOLMES' OFFICE - DAY

Pictures of children on the walls, a framed diploma of the camp's dietitian. MRS. HOLMES, in a white camp polo shirt and black shorts, with a whistle around her neck, is sitting at her desk filling out a receipt. She rips it out of a receipt book and hands it to Humbert, who is seated across from her.

HOLMES
And your receipt. Now she knows her mother is sick, but not how sick. She shouldn't be a minute -- I just sent Charlie to get her over at the dining hall. She's on Decorations Committee.

HUMBERT
Charlie?

HOLMES
The two of them have gotten so close over the last week or so. It's such a pleasure to watch our youngsters make friends.

HUMBERT
So... who is this Charlie?

A SOUND on the steps.

HOLMES
Oh, here she is.

He turns. Lolita comes in, dragging her suitcase.

75 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
Hi, Dad.

He stares at her. She is very tan and very blonde, and utterly radiant. She is wearing a tank top and wide khaki shorts, and one of her shoelaces is untied. Humbert is stunned. We go into SLOW MOTION, and there is a ROARING in Humbert's ears.

Lolita smiles at him.

76 INT. HUMBERT'S CAR

Lolita sits in the front seat, chewing gum. Humbert puts her suitcase in the trunk, gets in the car, and slams the door. Lolita slaps a fly on her knee, then rolls down her window.

LOLITA
How's Mom?

They drive.

HUMBERT
Well, the doctors don't quite know yet. It's something abdominal.

LOLITA
(perplexed)
Abominable?

HUMBERT
Abdominal.

They drive.

HUMBERT
She's in a special hospital over in Lepingville. So we'll drive to Briceland, spend the night, and then visit the hospital tomorrow. Or the next day.

LOLITA
What do you mean, the next day?

HUMBERT
Well, it's a special hospital. They may not have visiting hours every day. That's not uncommon.

She looks at him.

HUMBERT
So... did you have a good time at camp?

LOLITA
Uh-huh.

76 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Sorry to leave?

LOLITA
Unh-unh.

HUMBERT
Talk, Lo -- don't grunt. Tell me something.

LOLITA
What thing? Dad?

HUMBERT
Any old thing.

LOLITA
Okay if I call you that?

HUMBERT
Sure.

LOLITA
So when did you fall for my mummy?

HUMBERT
Look at all those cows on the hillside.

LOLITA
I'll vomit if I see another cow.

HUMBERT
You know, I've missed you. Quite a lot.

LOLITA
Well, I didn't miss you. Fact, I've been revolting unfaithful to you. But so what? 'Cause you don't even care about me anymore. Hey, you drive a lot faster than my mummy, mister!

Humbert slows down.

HUMBERT
Why do you think I don't care about you anymore?

LOLITA
Well, you haven't kissed me yet, have you?

77 EXT. SIDE OF ROAD

He drives off the road into the weeds. The car stops. She flows into his arms and kisses him eagerly. He is trembling, tense, not daring really to let himself go.

77 CONTINUED:

A police cruiser pulls up. Humbert pushes away from Lolita. The OFFICER rolls down his window and peers at them. Humbert straightens up, puts on a cheery smile.

HUMBERT
Hello, Officer. Anything wrong?

POLICEMAN
See a blue sedan, same make as yours? They might have passed you right before the turn.

HUMBERT
No, I don't think so.

Lolita leans across, her hand on Humbert's thigh.

LOLITA
No, Officer, I didn't see any other blue sedan. But are you absolutely sure it was blue? Because we might have seen a kind of purply one, or maybe it was more red --

The police officer has already given her a friendly wave and is now driving away.

LOLITA
(giggling)
Bye-yeee.

78 HUMBERT'S CAR - MOVING

They start driving.

LOLITA
He should have nabbed you. You were doing ninety easy.
(beat)
I like that you want to go fast.

HUMBERT
You do?

LOLITA
From now on, I want everything in my whole life to go real, real fast.

78A EXT. A SILENT TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

They drive. Lolita is finishing an ice-cream bar.

LOLITA
When's the best time to buy a bird?

HUMBERT
When?

78A CONTINUED:

LOLITA
When it's going 'cheep.'

She takes a last lick of the ice-cream bar and wipes the stick across her forearm. ANGLE on the stick: we GLIMPSE "WHEN'S THE BEST TIME..." on one side and "WHEN IT'S GOING CHEEP!" on the other as she wipes it. She hands the stick to Humbert.

LOLITA
Don't say I never gave you nothing.

Humbert holds the stick and smiles. They drive.

LOLITA
Wouldn't Mother be absolutely mad if she found out we were lovers?

HUMBERT
Good Lord, Lo, don't talk that way.

LOLITA
But we are lovers, aren't we?

HUMBERT
Not that I know of. I think we are going to have some more rain. Now, what have you been up to at camp?

LOLITA
Are you easily shocked?

HUMBERT
No. Go on.

LOLITA
Well, okay. But see, there's this one thing I can't tell you, 'cause I'll blush all over.

HUMBERT
Will you tell me later?

LOLITA
If we sit in the dark and whisper, I will.

79 EXT. THE CAR DRIVING - EVENING

Through the trees, we see lights, a bit of lake, and then the palatial Enchanted Hunters Inn. The car pulls into a lot.

80 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Humbert turns off the engine.

LOLITA
Wow. Looks swanky.

80 CONTINUED:

She gets out, and Humbert watches as she frees her dress from the cleft of her rear.

81 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

An old black Bellman wheels their bags. The place is full of elderly ladies and clergymen. Lolita sinks down on her haunches to caress a cocker spaniel, which wriggles with delight. Humbert makes his way to the front desk.

82 INT. LOLITA WITH DOG

A man in a checked suit -- CLARE QUILTY -- is watching Lolita with the dog. He sits half hidden behind a fern, and neither Humbert nor we can quite see him.

83 INT. FRONT DESK

An elderly DESK CLERK is peering into the reservation book.

CLERK
I'm sorry, Mr. Humbug. I held the room with the twin beds till 6:30, but I didn't hear from you. We hold till 6:30 -- that's policy. And with the flower show and the Glory of Christ convention --

HUMBERT
The name is not Humbug, it's Herbert -- I mean, Humbert. Look, any room will do. Just put in a cot for my daughter. She's ten years old, poor thing, and very tired.

The clerk looks at Lolita.

84 INT. LOLITA WITH DOG

Quilty speaks from behind the fern.

QUILTY
Nice dog, huh?

Lolita doesn't look up. She continues to caress the dog.

LOLITA
I love dogs.

We see Quilty's hands, with a distinctive ring, and we see his checked suit, but not his face.

QUILTY
That's my dog. He likes you. He doesn't like everybody.

LOLITA
Who's he like?

84 CONTINUED:

QUILTY
He can smell when someone's sweet. He likes sweet people -- nice young people. Like you.

85 INT. FRONT DESK

CLERK
I might just be able to get you into 342 -- it has a double bed. Mr. Potts, do we have any cots left?

POTTS turns to him. He's pink and bald and very old.

POTTS
The last cot went to 49. But our double beds are really triple. Remember last spring? We had three ladies and a child about your daughter's age, all in the one comfy bed.

CLERK
We did at that. All in the one double bed. And by all accounts, they slept wonderfully well, didn't they, Mr. Potts?

POTTS
Oh, they slept just beautifully in that big bed.

HUMBERT
We'll manage. My wife may join us later -- but we'll be fine.

CLERK
Would you just sign here, Mr. Humble?

Humbert signs the register: Dr. H. Edgar Humbert and daughter, 342 Lawn Street, Ramsdale.

86 INT. HOTEL ROOM

The ancient black Bellman brings Lolita and Humbert into the room. The door says 342.

LOLITA
Hey, it's the same as our address.

HUMBERT
Mm. Home away from home.

A king-size bed with a rose chenille bedspread. Two night lamps with frilly pink shades, and lots of mirrors.

The Bellman puts down the bags and Humbert tips the Bellman, who grunts and goes.

86 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
Wait a sec. You're telling me we're sleeping in one room? With one bed?

HUMBERT
I've asked for a cot. Which I'll sleep in if you like.

LOLITA
You're crazy.

HUMBERT
Why, my darling?

LOLITA
Because, my dahrling, when my dahrling mother finds out she'll divorce you and strangle me.

Humbert sits on the bed. Lolita studies herself in the long mirror, trying out different angles.

HUMBERT
Lo, listen a moment. I am your father. I am responsible for your welfare. We are not rich, and while we travel, we shall be -- we shall be thrown together a good deal. Two people sharing one room inevitably enter into a kind of -- how shall I put it -- a kind of --

LOLITA
The word is incest.

She blithely starts to explore the room. Mistaking the closet for a bathroom, she walks into it, and then walks out giggling.

Then she opens the bathroom door, peers in to make sure she's found the right place, enters the bathroom, and shuts the door. Humbert opens the window and takes off his jacket. He lugs the suitcases toward the closet, and pulls one onto the bed. Lolita breezes out of the bathroom.

LOLITA
They have little things of soap.

Humbert goes to embrace and kiss her.

LOLITA
Look, let's cut out the kissing and get something to eat.

HUMBERT
I'm just rather fond of you, that's all.
(beat)
Want to see what's in that suitcase?

86 CONTINUED: (2)

She stalks toward the suitcase on the bed and opens it.

LOLITA
Wow.

She pulls out colorful new shirts, shorts, dresses, and vests. She holds them up to herself and tries some of them on, gazing in the mirror as Humbert watches.

HUMBERT
You like them?

Lolita comes to him and falls into his arms. She kisses him.

HUMBERT
See? Kissing isn't so bad.

LOLITA
Only you do it the wrong way.

HUMBERT
What's the right way?

LOLITA
Wouldn't you like to know?

She smiles.

CUT TO:

87 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM

There are murals of enchanted hunters amid animals, dryads, and trees. A few scattered old ladies, two clergymen, and, in the corner, Quilty eating alone. We still can't make out his face. Lolita is finishing her main course.

LOLITA
I feel like we're grownups.

HUMBERT
Me too.

LOLITA
We get to do whatever we want. Right?

HUMBERT
Whatever we want.

LOLITA
Hey, don't look now.

HUMBERT
What?

LOLITA
That guy in the corner.

87 CONTINUED:

The WAITRESS comes to the table.

HUMBERT
What guy?

WAITRESS
All finished?

HUMBERT
Yes. Thank you.

WAITRESS
Dessert?

LOLITA
I'd like the cherry pie with ice cream. And whipped cream. And extra sprinkles.

HUMBERT
'Please.' And vanilla ice cream for me. Thank you.

WAITRESS
You got it.

The waitress leaves. Humbert takes out the bottle of pills.

LOLITA
Anyway, don't you think that guy looks exactly like Quilty?

Humbert unscrews the bottle, pops a pill out into his hand, and examines it admiringly.

HUMBERT
Hm? Our fat old dentist? Back in Ramsdale?

LOLITA
Course not. His brother -- the writer Quilty. Who writes the plays. You know, the smoking guy. Smokes Dromes in the ad.

Humbert, only half listening, fakes swallowing a pill, and then smiles with satisfaction.

LOLITA
Hey, what are those?

HUMBERT
Special vitamins. Want one?

LOLITA
They good?

87 CONTINUED: (2)

HUMBERT
They work wonders.

LOLITA
Yeah, give me one.

She takes one. Suddenly, the waitress arrives with dessert, and Humbert quickly pockets the pill bottle.

WAITRESS
Who had the pie?

LOLITA
Me me me me me.

The waitress serves them.

HUMBERT
Thank you.

Lolita eats. She drops some ice cream on the tablecloth and then bends down and sucks it off with a slurping sound. Humbert watches indulgently.

LOLITA
All I can say is, this stuff has camp food beat by a mile. Me and Barbara used to call it bug grub.

HUMBERT
Who's Barbara?

LOLITA
My best friend at camp. We were up --
(she yawns hugely)
-- we were up at, I don't know, six this morning. Me and Barbara --

HUMBERT
Barbara and I.

LOLITA
Me and Barbara and I went rowing at seven or so, and then -- God, I'm pooped.

88 INT. ELEVATOR

Elderly black ELEVATOR MAN. Lolita leans against Humbert, holding his hand, her eyes drooping. Other passengers looking indulgently at the sleepy little girl and her kindly dad.

LOLITA
I was going to tell you what a bad girl --

She yawns. The women on the elevator smile.

88 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
-- bad girl I was at camp.

ELEVATOR MAN
Past someone's bed time?

He winks. Humbert smiles nervously.

89 INT. HOTEL ROOM

They enter. Lolita sits on the bed, swaying. Humbert kneels and, very tenderly, takes off her shoes one by one.

LOLITA
If I tell you, if I tell you...

Humbert is gently taking off her socks.

HUMBERT
Other foot, Lo.

LOLITA
If I tell you how naughty I was at camp, you promise you won't be mad...?

HUMBERT
Tell me later.
(he stands)
Now go to bed. I'll go downstairs for a minute, and when I come back I want to find you fast asleep. All right?

She removes a velvet hair ribbon and shakes her hair.

LOLITA
Oh, I've been such a disgusting girl. Lemme tell you --

HUMBERT
Tomorrow, Lo. I'm going, okay?

LOLITA
Bye, Dad. 'Night.

HUMBERT
'Night.

He goes out.

90 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

Humbert looks at the key, and we see it in CLOSEUP: 342. He locks the door. He hangs the DO NOT DISTURB sign. He looks at his watch, leans against the wall, and closes his eyes. He blows a sigh of relief -- on which we FREEZE FRAME.

90 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT (V.O.)
Gentlewomen of the jury! If my happiness could have talked, it would have filled that hotel with a deafening roar. My only regret is that I did not immediately deposit key number 342 at the office and leave the town, the country, the planet that very night.

CUT TO:

91 INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Humbert wanders aimlessly, clutching the key in his pocket. Clerics are everywhere. Humbert strolls through various public rooms, and finds himself in The Raspberry Room, which is set up for a dinner. He meanders in, goes to the window, and looks out into the gardens. The dark window reflects his face back to him, and in it he also sees, dimly...

92 INT. HOTEL ROOM #342

... a vision of Lolita, stretched out on the bed, semi-naked in the half-light. She wears one sock; a velvet hair ribbon is clutched in her hand. In the background, a CLERIC drones:

CLERIC (O.S.)
To define eternity is something we will not in this room seek or endeavor to do. All we can say at this stage is that it goes on for a very, very long time indeed. And even then, you know, it has scarcely begun. So you can all see that it makes a good deal of sense to keep on the right side of the Lord.

Over the cleric's droning, we hear:

HUMBERT (V.O.)
The pills will strike you as inexcusable, I know, but I was actually trying to preserve Lolita's purity. If she were far away, dreaming, while I held her in my arms, so that she never knew, never herself sinned --

93 INT. HOTEL LOBBY

HOSTESS
Are you Mr. Braddock? Because if you are, Miss Beard's been looking for you.

She has crept up behind him.

HUMBERT
What a name for a woman.

93 CONTINUED:

He leaves the room quickly, but then begins drifting again. He looks at his watch and chews his thumb. The key is burning a hole in his pocket.

94 EXT. ENCHANTED HUNTERS INN - PORCH

He strolls out onto the porch, which is white and columned. Bugs wheel around the lamps. Humbert sighs deeply, filling his lungs.

We hear the RASP of a BOTTLE TOP being unscrewed, and then a GLUG or two.

QUILTY (O.S.)
Where the devil did you get her?

HUMBERT
I beg your pardon?

Humbert peers into the darkness, but can see no one.

QUILTY (O.S.)
I said: the weather's getting better.

HUMBERT
Seems so.

QUILTY (O.S.)
Who's the lassie?

HUMBERT
Hm? Oh. She's my daughter.

QUILTY (O.S.)
You lie -- she's not.

HUMBERT
What?

QUILTY (O.S.)
I said: July was hot. Where's her mother?

HUMBERT
Dead.

QUILTY (O.S.)
Oh. Sorry. By the way, why don't you two lunch with me tomorrow? That ghastly clerical crowd will be gone by then.

HUMBERT
We'll be gone, too. Good night.

94 CONTINUED:

QUILTY (O.S.)
Sorry. I'm pretty drunk. Good night. That child of yours needs a lot of sleep. Sleep is a rose, as the Persians say. Smoke?

HUMBERT
Not now, thanks. Good night.

QUILTY (O.S.)
Enjoy.

Quilty strikes a match, and Humbert tries to catch a glimpse of his face, but the light illuminates only an elderly hotel guest on a white wicker rocker.

95 INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Humbert makes his way back toward the elevators. As he pushes through a constellation of clergymen and matrons, there is a blinding flash: Humbert has been caught in a group photograph.

96 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

The door to room #342. The key in Humbert's hand. It enters the lock, and, with the quietest CLICK, the door opens.

97 INT. HOTEL ROOM #342

Humbert locks the door from the inside and turns. The door of the lighted bathroom is ajar. Through the Venetian blinds at the window, there is a glow from the exterior arc lights.

Lolita is on the bed wearing one of Humbert's white shirts. There are two pillows under her head. A band of pale light falls across her collarbone.

98 HUMBERT, WATCHING, AT THE DOOR

99 LOLITA ON THE BED

100 HUMBERT AT THE DOOR

101 LOLITA ON THE BED

102 HUMBERT

He quickly takes off his clothes, stealthily hanging them on chairs, and slips into his pajamas. He stubs his toe on a chair. For a moment he hops on one foot, trying to restrain himself, desperate to cry out but terrified of awakening Lolita. He calms down and limps slowly toward the bed.

His face, looking down at Lolita. He places a knee on the bed, preparing to get in. He beholds her as though she were some holy object. Lolita abruptly turns her head and stares at him through the striped shadows.

102 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
(thickly)
Barbara.

He freezes. She sighs, turns, and goes back to sleep. He is still, watching her, one knee on the bed. He barely dares breathe, and then suddenly his STOMACH GROWLS. He grimaces dyspeptically. He stares at her to see whether she heard. She sleeps, breathing rhythmically. Carefully, he climbs into his narrow margin of the bed and pulls over his feet the scraps of sheet that Lolita hasn't already wound herself up in. He eases himself down, watching her, but just when he reaches the most uncomfortable position, his body lying but his head still in the air, Lolita lifts her head and gapes at him. He freezes -- his neck straining, his head still in the air. She looks right at him, but we can't be sure she's seeing anything. Still frozen, he attempts a ridiculous smile.

His STOMACH GROWLS.

His smile freezes, his head strains in the air. She turns back on her side and curls up. He shifts toward her, and the BED CREAKS loudly. Again, he freezes. He peers at her body in the moonlight. Her rumpled hair, the gleam of half a tawny haunch, half a shoulder. She breathes steadily.

His eye on her, he dares to draw nearer. But just as he begins, the ELEVATOR ascends, and the GATE CLATTERS noisily. He freezes again, in yet another impossible position. Outside, in the corridor, drunken VOICES LAUGH and YELL good night.

Silence.

Lolita breathing. He eases toward her, very slowly. Suddenly, right next door, the loudest TOILET in the universe FLUSHES. The wall seems to shake. Humbert freezes.

Lolita, breathing.

Humbert's STOMACH GROWLS, but he stops only momentarily, and begins again to near her. SOMEONE COUGHS as though his lungs were coming apart. Another TOILET FLUSHES. Humbert belches.

A TRUCK ROARS by. Humbert turns and looks, aghast, at the window.

103 THE WINDOW

Rain. The Venetian BLIND shifts with a little CLATTER, horribly MAGNIFIED now. Arc lights outside. A TRUCK ROARS by.

104 THE BED

A FLUSHING TOILET. More COUGHING. Then silence.

Lolita breathing. Humbert moves closer to her. Her shoulder glows in the pale light.

104 CONTINUED:

Humbert above it. Suddenly, he belches. Lolita stirs.

LOLITA
(muttering in her sleep)
You get back in the boat with Charlie,
and that's that.

She tosses. Her arm strikes Humbert across the face. For a second he holds her.

LOLITA
(in her sleep)
Back in the boat.

She frees herself gently and turns her back on him and sleeps. Humbert watches her, his head on his hand. His STOMACH GROWLS. He groans quietly, gets up, and goes toward the bathroom. He stubs the same sorry toe again, gasps, and looks back toward the bed. Lolita doesn't stir. Humbert limps toward the bathroom.

In the lighted bathroom, he pours a glass of water, drinks, pours another, drinks again. Lolita sits up.

LOLITA
I'm thirsty.

Humbert turns to her, startled.

HUMBERT.
Sssh. I'll bring you something.

He fills another paper cup with tap water. He goes back into the bedroom. He sits on the side of the bed and, very tenderly, gives her the cup. She gulps down the water. She gasps with satisfaction and hands him back the cup. Then she wipes her mouth on his shoulder and falls back on her pillow to sleep.

He looks at her adoringly. He touches her arm. He withdraws his hand, lies down, and closes his eyes.

104A THE WINDOW - DAWN

105 INT. HOTEL ROOM #342

We hear BIRDS. A TRUCK RUMBLES by. In the bed, Humbert and Lolita are asleep. The ELEVATOR WHINES. A TOILET FLUSHES.

106 HUMBERT AND LOLITA VERY CLOSE

Their eyes are closed.

His eyes open. We hear CONVERSATION in the halls. Someone says, "And a fine good morning to you!" Lolita yawns.

Humbert snaps his eyes shut, feigning sleep.

106 CONTINUED:

Her eyes open. She looks at him. She considers a moment and then smiles. She rolls toward him.

He opens his eyes, pretending to awaken. He looks up at her. She looks down at him, rather affectionately. She brings her head toward his. Her hair brushes his collarbone. He caresses her hair. She kisses him, and the kiss is more romantic than he expects. Her tongue darts into his mouth. His eyes widen. She lifts her head and examines him, as if to see whether he has had his fill and learned his lesson. He is speechless. She giggles, puts her mouth to his ear, and whispers furiously. But she breaks into laughter and can't continue.

He lies still, gazing at her. She stops laughing. She brushes her hair from her face and bends to whisper again in his ear.

HUMBERT
(as she whispers)
What game?... Charlie played it with you?

She pulls her head back and regards him with wonder.

LOLITA
Don't tell me you never did it when you were a kid.

HUMBERT
Never.

LOLITA
Wow. I guess I'm going to have to show you everything.

She sits astraddle him, gazing down knowingly. Then she leans down and begins to undo his pajama bottoms. As he watches -- astonished, hypnotized, mad with desire -- she slowly takes out her retainer and tosses it onto the nightstand.

106A FADE TO BLACK

HUMBERT (V.O.)
Gentlewomen of the jury, I was not even her first lover.

DISSOLVE TO:

107 INT. HOTEL ROOM #342 - DAY

We DRIFT TO the window. Gradually, the light changes from the blue-white of dawn to the yellow of mid-morning.

A KNOCK on the door.

WAITER (O.S.)
Room service.

107 CONTINUED:

Humbert looks at Lolita. She giggles.

HUMBERT
(whispering)
Quick! In the bathroom.

LOLITA
Let's let him see.

HUMBERT
What?

LOLITA
Give him a thrill.

HUMBERT
Lo!

LOLITA
All right, all right.

She leaps out of bed, rushes to the bathroom, and closes the door. Humbert jumps up, pulls his disheveled pajamas around him, tries to rearrange the bed in a way that will look more innocent -- an impossible task -- and lets in the WAITER.

WAITER
Sign here.

HUMBERT
Well, look at all this food. I'm ravenous in the morning.

WAITER
Right, right. Would you just sign here, please.

He signs.

HUMBERT
There you go.

The waiter leaves and Lolita returns, giggling. They seize on the food. Lolita grabs a banana, peels it, and takes little bites from the white outer layer of it, leaving toothmarks all the way down it. The gesture is at once childish and sexy.

HUMBERT
Is that how you always eat bananas?

LOLITA
When Mom's not watching.

She gives him a long, humid look and then, very sensually and languidly, puts the tip of the banana in her mouth and slowly bites it off. He watches her for a moment, and then gently takes the rest of the banana out of her hand.

107 CONTINUED: (2)

They begin once again to make love.

The CAMERA MOVES to the breakfast table.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 INT. HOTEL ROOM #342 - DAY

The breakfast table later, with the food mostly gone.

Lolita is on the bed in her nightgown. Humbert is sitting in a chair wearing a robe and drinking coffee, listening raptly.

LOLITA
Well, so there was this girl Elizabeth? She was sort of a derelict character. So she taught me some things when we were at that other camp, but I don't really see her anymore. I love that they give you potato chips with breakfast.

She grabs a few and munches.

LOLITA
Anyway, so in sixth grade, a lot of those kids were pretty bad. Not that bad, but -- I mean, the Miranda twins used to do it on a regular basis, which I think is kind of yuck. And Donald Scott did it with Hazel Smith in his uncle's garage. Dumb Donald, we used to call him -- he was the dumbest boy in class. But he had the hugest, you should have seen it, he had the biggest --

HUMBERT
Let's get to the camp.

LOLITA
Well, by the time I got to camp, I knew some stuff already. And then Barbara -- you know, my camp friend -- and this red-haired guy, we called him Carrot-Head, but his real name was Charlie, we used to take the boat out to Willow Island, and I would be the guard while he did it with Barbara in the bushes. He's only thirteen, but I guess he'd gone a few rounds with his sister. Well, so anyway, they kept trying to get me to do it, and I didn't feel like it, but then I got so bored guarding all the time, so I did.

HUMBERT
Did? What?... It?

108 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
Yeah. Of course.

HUMBERT
And... how... was... it?

LOLITA
Sort of fun, I guess. Barbara says it's good for the complexion. I mean, Charlie's a big ugh -- I can't stand him, but you have to start somewhere.

Humbert's face.

109 INT. FRONT DESK

Humbert paying the bill, Lolita is sitting in a blood-red armchair reading a movie magazine and following the words with her index finger. She wears her print dress, white bobby socks, and saddle oxfords. Her hair is neatly parted, and it shines. Her legs are carelessly crossed.

As the CAMERA EXAMINES her, we see a hickey on her neck, and a rosy rash around her swollen lips, which her tongue explores. She is wearing her retainer.

CLERK
Well, thank you, and I hope we'll be seeing you again real soon. Next time with the missus maybe?

HUMBERT
Maybe.

CLERK
You have a safe trip now, all right?

Humbert walks over to Lolita. She stands.

110 EXT. PARKING AREA - DAY

Humbert, Lolita, and a Porter with bags, walking to the car. Lolita is still engrossed in her movie magazine.

113 INT. CAR MOVING - DAY

Lolita is still reading her magazine, following the words with her finger. She clicks the retainer in her mouth. Humbert turns toward her. We FREEZE FRAME and hear the following V.O.:

HUMBERT (V.O.)
I felt more and more uncomfortable. It was something quite special, that feeling: an oppressive, hideous constraint -- as if I were sitting with the small ghost of somebody I had just killed.

113 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
(to Lolita)
What are you reading?

LOLITA
Nothing.

He drives on.

HUMBERT
What's the matter?

LOLITA
Nothing.

HUMBERT
Are you angry about something?

LOLITA
(still reading)
Unh-unh.

He drives.

HUMBERT
Lo?

LOLITA
Unh.

HUMBERT
Your friend Charlie, at camp -- did he, was be the only --

Lolita looks at him sharply.

LOLITA
Look, can we just get off the subject?

He drives.

LOLITA
Jesus.

HUMBERT
What?

LOLITA
Can we stop at a gas station?

HUMBERT
We can stop wherever you want.

LOLITA
I need a gas station. I hurt inside.

He looks at her, alarmed, but she is smiling sweetly.

113 CONTINUED: (2)

LOLITA
Well, what do you expect? I was a daisy-fresh young girl, and you raped me. I should call the police, you dirty, dirty old man.

She giggles with pleasure at her own words. Humbert stares at her.

114 EXT. THEIR CAR - DAY

The car turns into a gas station and parks. Lolita jumps out and runs into the building. Humbert sits still. An elderly attendant washes the windshield with a pink sponge.

115 EXT. WINDSHIELD

Humbert's face through the soapy windshield, staring.

116 LOLITA THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

She walks toward the car.

117 INT. CAR - DAY

Lolita opens the door.

LOLITA
I got Oreos. Give me some change. I want to call Mother in the hospital. What's the number?

HUMBERT
Get in. You can't call the hospital.

LOLITA
Why not?

HUMBERT
Get in and slam the door.

She gets in and slams the door.

LOLITA
Why can't I call my own mother if I want to?

HUMBERT
Because your mother is dead.

118 INT. HOTEL ROOM IN LEPINGVILLE - NIGHT

Humbert is lying alone in bed, wearing his pajamas. He is trying to get to sleep. He hears Lolita SOBBING in the adjoining bedroom. His eyes open. The door swings open. She is standing there. Her face is swollen and crumpled with weeping. She trundles in and gets into his bed.

118 CONTINUED:

He holds her and begins to kiss her softly and caress her hair, as the CAMERA PULLS BACK.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
We made up very gently that night. You see, she had nowhere else to go.

119 EXT. CAR DRIVING - DAY

HUMBERT (V.O.)
It was then that we began our extensive travels all over the United States.

120 INT./EXT. CAR DRIVING - DAY

Lolita wrestles with the steering wheel, trying to force a protesting Humbert off the road. They're both laughing as they struggle for control of the car, and they end up giggling like a couple of kids as:

121 EXT. ROADSIDE EATERY - DAY

They turn into the parking lot of a burger joint shaped like a ten-gallon hat.

DISSOLVE TO:

122 EXT. ROADSIDE EATERY - DAY

They turn into the parking lot of a hot dog joint shaped like a hot dog.

DISSOLVE TO:

123 EXT. ROADSIDE EATERY - DAY

They turn into the parking lot of an ice-cream joint shaped like an ice-cream cone. This time Lolita is driving, with Humbert helping her.

125 INT./ EXT. CAR DRIVING - DAY

Magnificent Arizona landscape. They pass a billboard for Coppertone -- the famous ad in which the dog is pulling down the little girl's panties to reveal her tan line.

Lolita is in the back seat reading, and her tanned bare legs are draped over the front seat. She kicks idly. Humbert is trying not to be distracted by her kicking legs, but the harder he tries the more distracting he finds them. During the following V.O., we CUT TO them having a tiff, with Lolita in the back seat, throwing things at him -- popsicle sticks, a bottle cap, a T-shirt that lands in his face and which he has to tear away in order to see the road.

125 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT (V.O.)
We took a circuitous route, to put it mildly. In the back of my mind was our eventual destination, Beardsley College, where I would finally take up my teaching position.

126 EXT. SUNSET MOTEL - NIGHT

The car pulls into the parking lot. Humbert opens the back door and gathers up the sleeping Lolita in his arms.

127 INT. SUNSET MOTEL CABIN - NIGHT

The room is dank, with yellow wallpaper and dim table lamps. Humbert lays Lolita on the bed. She murmurs drowsily. He begins to undress her, easing her out of her jacket, pulling her T-shirt up over her head. He undoes her belt, peeling off her jeans. She is wearing white socks, and, tenderly, he takes them off, one by one. As he does, we MOVE IN slowly on his face. He looks down at her with a kind of wonder.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
But in the front of my mind was the need to keep going, keep driving. And despite our tiffs, despite all the fuss and the faces she made and the danger and hopelessness of it all, despite all that, I was in paradise -- a paradise whose skies were the color of hell-flames, but a paradise still.

128 EXT. PINE VIEW COURTS - LATE AFTERNOON

The car pulls into the parking lot. Humbert and Lolita get out.

129 INT. PINE VIEW COURTS FRONT DESK

Humbert is checking in while Lolita lurks behind him.

CLERK
Could you just pay me the one night in advance?

Stealthily, Lolita creeps up behind Humbert and, while smiling childishly at the CLERK, gropes him from behind.

HUMBERT
Tomorrow morning -- um! Sorry. Is there tomorrow morning, is there -- um!

He and Lolita both continue to smile inanely at the clerk while she mischievously molests him.

HUMBERT
Breakfast? With the room? With the price I mean? Included?

130 INT. PINE VIEW COURTS MOTEL ROOM

A grim little place with fake-wood paneling (knotty pine) and dingy twin beds. Lolita is on the floor reading a movie magazine. She is wearing a T-shirt and nothing else, and her arms are pulled out of the sleeves and into the shirt. She is chewing gum, and popping it loudly. Humbert is unpacking, hanging things up, talking to her distractedly.

HUMBERT
I'm not saying it wasn't funny -- it was. But I just want to be certain you realize... what could happen.

She pops her gum extra loudly, as if in reply.

HUMBERT
Look, you know I like to have fun, but there are a lot of people who might look at us and... misunderstand the situation.

LOLITA
Understand it perfectly, you mean.

She doesn't look up. He sits down on the bed.

HUMBERT
Lo, there have been relationships like ours since the dawn of time. The Romans had them, the Greeks had them. The ancient Chinese --

LOLITA
Right. I'm sure, if I called the police and told them how you raped me, I'm sure they'd be glad to hear all about the ancient Chinese.

HUMBERT
Well, all right. Let's imagine you did go to the police. Let's say you told them I kidnapped and raped you. They would put me in jail, you can count on that. But what do you think they'd do with you?

She stares at him.

HUMBERT
I can tell you what they'd do. You'd become, I think the term is, a ward of the state. You'd go to a reformatory or a juvenile detention home. Instead of me you'd have a matron weighing no less than two hundred pounds, most of it muscle and warts, guarding you with sticks and whips.

(MORE)

130 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT (Cont'd)
And you'd have to knit things and sing hymns. Sound good?... Or do you think you might be better off with your old man?

She stares at him.

LOLITA
That's not funny.

HUMBERT
I know it's not funny.

LOLITA
Randy Satter went to one of those places, and they let him out once for a week, and he was -- that's not funny, Dad.

HUMBERT
Come here, Lo.

She stands up slowly and stretches, so that her T-shirt rides up over her stomach. She has deep tan lines. He looks at her. She comes to the bed and falls into his arms.

HUMBERT
You know I love you.

LOLITA
Yeah. I know you do.

131 INT./EXT. THE CAR IN A DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT - DAY

The place provides air-conditioning by snaking two massive tubes into the car. A CARHOP is explaining the device to Humbert.

CARHOP
It's air-conditioning, see. See, the one tube gets the cold air to flowing in, and then the other tube, see, that takes the hot air right out. It's real new-fangled. Now can I get your order?

Lo grabs the cold-air tube and sticks it under her shirt; the shirt billows out. Humbert stares at her, and she turns the air tube on him. Then she stuffs it down his collar, while he protests. The carhop stands with a hand on a hip.

CARHOP
Uh, can I just get you folks to order?

132 INT./EXT. CAR DRIVING - DESERT - DAY

They are driving. Lolita is in the front seat, tossing bottle caps at the ashtray, and missing.

132 CONTINUED:

They pass a sign announcing: "THE FOUR CORNERS -- ONLY PLACE IN U.S. WHERE FOUR STATES MEET. ICE-COLD DRINKS."

LOLITA
We gotta go there!

HUMBERT
To watch four states meet?

LOLITA
No, dummy. I want an ice-cold drink.

HUMBERT
You just had an ice-cold drink.

LOLITA
I had an ice-cream soda. Not the same thing.

HUMBERT
(almost to himself)
You've been an ice-cold drink yourself lately.

LOLITA
What's that supposed to mean?

HUMBERT
None of your business, young lady.

LOLITA
Don't say that.

HUMBERT
What?

LOLITA
Young lady. I hate that... She used to say that.

Suddenly, Lolita bursts into tears.

Humbert pulls the car over to comfort her. He takes her in his arms. They have just reached the Four Corners, and the CAMERA CRANES UP to reveal an obelisk in the background to mark the spot. Otherwise there is nothing but desert.

133 INT. SKYLINE COURTS - DAY

A fan whirring lazily from an acoustic ceiling. We MOVE DOWN to a stucco motel room, grimy but very large. Light is flooding in through white curtains. Near the window Humbert is sitting naked except for his pajama bottoms on a leather armchair, and Lolita is on his lap -- she is wearing nothing but his pajama tops, unbuttoned. For a moment, we cannot quite see what is going on, because Lolita is idly picking at her nose and reading the comics section of a newspaper.

133 CONTINUED:

She is totally engrossed, but her hips are moving, and we gradually realize they are making love.

Insert from the comics.

Humbert's face.

Insert from the comics.

Lolita giggles, then moans. The hip movement increases.

Humbert's ecstatic face, eyes closed.

Lolita is breathing faster now, but she's back to the comics.

Insert from the comics.

A fly settles on the page. Lolita shakes it.

Humbert's face.

The fly settles on her belly, which is glistening with sweat, and wanders up toward her breasts. She is breathing quickly.

Insert from comics.

She flicks away the fly.

Humbert's face in ecstasy.

Lolita's face, reading the comics. She is breathing hard, and her eyes are very bright. She moans again.

There seems no dividing line between her sexual pleasure and the pleasure she takes in the comics.

Humbert throws his head back and moans.

DISSOLVE TO:

134 INT. SKYLINE COURTS - NIGHT

Humbert is coming out of the shower in a robe, drying his hair. Lolita is on the bed, lying on her side, and she has wrapped her pillow around her head so that part of it is beneath her head and part of it is on top of her head.

HUMBERT

Lo?

She doesn't hear him. Her eyes are closed.

HUMBERT

Lo?

LOLITA

Hm?

134 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
What are you doing?

LOLITA
Trying to get some sleep around here.

HUMBERT
You don't usually sleep with your pillow like that.

Humbert gently pulls the pillow away, and she looks up at him, blinking.

LOLITA
Uh-huh I do. Sometimes. When I can't sleep 'cause the noise is too loud. It's my sandwich.

HUMBERT
Is it noisy now?

LOLITA
There were some trucks.

HUMBERT
Lo, give me a minute. I'll be in bed in just a minute.

LOLITA
Take your time. I'm going in my sandwich.

She pulls the pillow back around her head. Humbert looks down at her tenderly. He quietly leaves the room.

135 EXT. SKYLINE COURTS - NIGHT

Humbert closes the screen door behind him, and pulls up a chair just outside, on the little motel sidewalk. BUGS WHIR around a yellow light. CRICKETS CHIRP.

In the distance, TRUCKS RUMBLE. Humbert sighs happily.

The neon hotel sign advertising Skyline Courts.

DISSOLVE TO:

136 EXT. SKYLINE COURTS - NIGHT

Humbert has fallen asleep just outside the room. He awakens with a start. He hears something. Quietly, he stands up and peers through the screen door into the room. There, in the bed, still half asleep, Lolita is softly weeping.

137 EXT. CAR DRIVING - DAY

The countryside is now lush and green. Lolita is tossing bottle caps toward the ashtray, and still, mostly, missing. She has something big in her mouth; it forms a lump in her cheek, and the noise she makes gnawing at it is driving Humbert crazy.

HUMBERT
What is that?

LOLITA
What's what?

She gnaws even more noisily, just to taunt him. Humbert winces.

HUMBERT
That thing in your mouth.

LOLITA
Oh, it's a jawbreaker. Supposed to break your jaw. Want one?

HUMBERT
Just give it to me. I've had it with that noise.

He holds out his hand.

LOLITA
No! It's good!

HUMBERT
Spit it out! I have a headache!

Humbert reaches over to pull it out of her mouth. She presses her lips shut and whips her head away from him. He grabs her by the nose, which forces her to open her mouth, and he reaches inside, grapples with tongue and teeth, seizes the jawbreaker, and throws it out the window. Lo folds her arms and makes a face. She fishes in her shirt pocket for her retainer and pops it in her mouth.

They pass a hitchhiker.

LOLITA
Let's take him! Please can we? Please can we? Please?

She rubs her knees together. Humbert drives on.

HUMBERT
He looked like a rapist.

LOLITA
(eyeing Humbert)
Oh? I didn't notice the resemblance.

She clicks her retainer at him.

138 EXT. TIMBER MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Their car pulls in. A sign reads, "Children Under 14 Free."

HUMBERT
To do what, I wonder?

LOLITA
Oh, stop it!

139 INT. TIMBER MOTEL ROOM

This one is grubby stucco.

LOLITA
Hey! They got Magic Fingers!

She leaps onto the bed near the Magic Fingers slot while Humbert undresses. She lies on her stomach with her legs in the air, so that Humbert is effectively talking to her rear end.

HUMBERT
I need a shower.

LOLITA
Gimme a quarter.

HUMBERT
What for?

LOLITA
For the Magic Fingers. Just give it to me, okay?

He reaches into the pocket of his pants, which he has just removed, and tosses a quarter on the bed.

HUMBERT
My magic fingers aren't enough?

Lolita ignores him, pops the quarter in the slot, and lies down blissfully on the bed, which begins to shake gently. Humbert starts taking his shower.

HUMBERT (O.S.)
(calling from the bathroom)
Good shower for once, Lo... First-rate temperature control.

Lolita lies still for another few seconds, and then the Magic Fingers stops. The bed is still. She gets up, goes into the bathroom, looks fiercely at the shower where Humbert is humming to himself, and flushes the toilet.

HUMBERT
Yah! My God, Lo! Don't flush when I'm in here.

139 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
Oh, did I flush? Sorry, Daddy. I know you hate it when I don't.

HUMBERT
Jesus!

A moment later the shower head pops off, beans Humbert, and releases an unbearable torrent of water. Muttering and rubbing his head, Humbert emerges from the shower, dries off, ties a towel around himself, and goes into the main cabin.

140 INT. TIMBER MOTEL ROOM - POV TO EXT. POOL

He's horrified to find Lolita not there, and the door wide open. Through the door, he sees Lolita by the pool. She is wearing her swimsuit and talking to a hunky teenage boy while a boy in the water stares at her bare midriff.

Humbert's face. His eye twitches.

HUMBERT
Lo, get in here! We're going to miss Magnolia Gardens.

LOLITA
(turning back)
Them l'il ol' magnolias ain't goin' nowhere.

The boys laugh.

HUMBERT
Get in here. They close at five. And keep your feet out of that filthy pool. You could catch... gonorrhea.

Lolita says something sultry to the boys, and then slowly gets up and comes back into the room. She closes the door behind her and stands in front of Humbert. She impudently imitates his eye tic. He hesitates a moment, and then lifts her up and begins kissing her, her neck, her shoulders, her midriff.

141 EXT. MAGNOLIA GARDENS - LATE AFTERNOON

Humbert pays for tickets. He reads from a guidebook.

HUMBERT
Listen to this, Lo. It says, 'Children will walk starry-eyed and reverently through this foretaste of heaven, drinking in its beauty.'

LOLITA
Glug glug glug glug.

141 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
What's missing, I believe, are the requisite starry eyes.

Lolita pops her eyes and blinks fatuously. She giggles.

HUMBERT
And the reverence? Can you manage the reverence?

Lolita attempts a ghastly imitation of solemnity. Humbert laughs. He sits on a bench for a moment to read the guidebook. Lolita stands by his side.

LOLITA
It's hot.

She takes off her jacket, hangs it on Humbert's head, and begins removing her sweater.

LOLITA
Where do we eat tonight?

HUMBERT
(under the jacket)
Depends. What do you feel like?

LOLITA
Anything but hamburgers.

HUMBERT
(under the jacket)
I believe the area speciality is a thing called barbecue.

She removes her jacket from Humbert's head.

LOLITA
Can we eat now? I'm starving.

HUMBERT
Mm.

He is intent on the guidebook. Lolita, sitting next to him, suddenly grabs his nose hard.

LOLITA
I'm hungry, mister.

Humbert pulls away and gives her a look, rubbing his nose. Then he notices two women passing.

HUMBERT
Would you be so kind as to take a photograph of my daughter and me?

141 CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN
Sure.

He gives the WOMAN a camera.

HUMBERT
Thank you.

WOMAN
All right. Ooh. Light's real pretty.

He takes Lolita by the hand. She does starry eyes and reverence, all at once. The shutter snaps.

142 EXT. A LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Humbert and Lolita holding hands. Lolita grimacing. The shutter snaps.

143 EXT. EXHIBITION - DAY

Notice -- SPECIAL EXHIBITION: NINETEENTH-CENTURY REGIONAL GUNS AND VIOLINS

Humbert and Lolita holding hands. Lolita yawning. The shutter snaps.

144 EXT. GROTTO - DAY

Notice -- ONLY EXACT REPLICA OF LOURDES GROTTO IN TRI-STATE AREA

Humbert and Lolita holding hands. Lolita smiling sweetly. The shutter snaps.

145 EXT. CAR DRIVING - DAY

The SHOT WIDENS to reveal Mt. Rushmore.

146 INT. CAR - DAY

Lolita is leaning over into the back seat, looking for something. Her rump is squirming next to Humbert's head.

HUMBERT
What are you doing?

LOLITA
Getting the Oreos.

HUMBERT
My God. Again?

Lolita turns and plops down on the seat.

LOLITA
I can see I'm going to have to teach you everything about how to be an American.

146 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Everything?

LOLITA
Well, I've already taught you how to kiss and all that jazz.

HUMBERT
And for that I thank you. Now, what else?

LOLITA
Well, first, this is how to eat one of the major American foods. This is called an Oreo. And you do like this.

She breaks it in half, and slides the cream-covered side through her upper teeth until the cream is devoured and what's left on the cookie are little white tooth marks.

LOLITA
See? And now you do the chocolate parts.

She eats the wafers.

HUMBERT
And what if I want to just put the whole thing in my mouth and actually chew it, like a normal person who doesn't want to nauseate everyone in sight?

LOLITA
Then you would be a square and no one would ever like you.

HUMBERT
You'd like me, though? Wouldn't you?
(beat)
Lo?

LOLITA
Okay, what I don't like is, how long are we gonna live in stuffy cabins doing filthy things and never behaving like ordinary people?

HUMBERT
Look, what would you really like to do? Tell me.

LOLITA
I'd like to stay somewhere nice for a change. A real hotel, not something courts, or something cottages. And I want a drink.

146 CONTINUED: (2)

HUMBERT
Ice-cold, of course?

LOLITA
Of course.

149 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Lolita sucking noisily on a straw. She is in the car while Humbert and a mechanic are looking under the hood. Humbert hears MURMURS and peers through a chink between hood and chassis. A teenage GAS JOCKEY with a cigarette in his mouth is talking to Lolita through the car window. She is giggling.

LOLITA
I'm not sure. I'd like to.

GAS JOCKEY
What I'd love, I'd sure love to take you to a drive-in. You ever been to a drive-in?

LOLITA
The thing is, I don't know if I'm gonna be here tonight.

GAS JOCKEY
Well, how else am I gonna get to know you?

LOLITA
Who says I want to know you?

She grabs the cigarette out of his mouth and takes a puff.

GAS JOCKEY
Oh, you wanna know me. I got animal attraction.

LOLITA
You act like a pig. That's a start.

The gas jockey grunts like a pig, and Humbert slams down the hood, nearly decapitating the mechanic.

151 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Tall trucks in the darkness. Lights flash over Humbert's sedan.

152 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Humbert breathing hard. Lights from distant trucks flash over him. Lolita's hair falling. Humbert gasps.

153 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Humbert pretending to sleep, also lit by passing trucks. Lolita, quietly sobbing.

153A EXT. SCHOOL BUS STOP - DAY

In a small mid-American town, the car comes to a stop behind a school bus. While the bus lights flash, Humbert and Lolita watch children Lolita's age talking and laughing as they get off.

LOLITA
I hate normal kids.

156 INT. CAR DRIVING - NIGHT

Humbert is driving and Lolita is leaning against the far door, her legs across the seat and one foot squirming in Humbert's lap. Her other leg is stretched so that she caresses his neck and mashes his lips with her foot, even sticks her toes in his nose. She is also pitching bottle caps into the ashtray, and hitting it every time.

HUMBERT
... which makes it all very convenient. I've obviously got to make some money for us, so I'll teach at Beardsley College and you'll go to the prep school. I think you'll find it congenial, no boys to distract you from your work. And we'll both live a very normal --

In a fury, Lolita draws her feet back and sits bolt upright. As she makes the next speech, she squirms into the back seat.

LOLITA
Fat chance I'm going to go to some stuffed-shirt prep school with no boys...

Now she lies on the floor, staring straight upward and kicking at the back of Humbert's head. The next several speeches are spoken simultaneously, as Humbert drives and Lo kicks.

HUMBERT
... You'll go and you'll like it, and you'll get the fine education that I always wanted for you. And you'll not be one of those ridiculous vulgarians you've always hung around with. You'll learn to write, for God's sake, you'll learn to speak properly and sit properly and walk properly...

156 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
... I'd be a sap if I took your opinion seriously. What do you know? Who asked you? Who asked you about anything? You're a stinker, and you don't know the first thing about America or girls, or how to be a dad...

157 EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

A police SIREN SOUNDS. Humbert pulls over as a spotlight floods the car. Humbert rolls down the window to receive the OFFICER. But, in the back, Lolita can't stop raving.

LOLITA
You can't boss me. I despise you. Who do you think you are? You don't even know me. You come along, you wreck my whole life...

HUMBERT
Hello, Officer.

Lolita's head peeks up over the back seat, smiling sweetly.

LOLITA
Hello, Officer.

COP
License and registration.

Humbert pulls them out of his wallet.

COP
You know you was going fifty in a thirty zone?

HUMBERT
I'm terribly sorry. I must have missed the sign.

The cop peers into the car. Lolita grins her sweetest grin. The cop is stern and scary.

HUMBERT
We were having a little discussion. I guess I lost track --

COP
Look, you just keep the speed down, all right? I'm serious.

HUMBERT
Yes. Fine. Thank you, Officer.

The cop leaves and Humbert rolls up the window. Immediately, Lolita returns to her former fury.

157 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
You don't know how lucky you are, mister. I was about to tell him everything! And I should have! I hate you! Even reform school would be better than this!

Humbert's face is grim.

HUMBERT
Lo, the holiday is over.

LOLITA
(still ranting)
You can't threaten me! Who do you think you are? You're not my father! You're... What'd you say?

HUMBERT
I said it's over.

158 EXT. BEARDSLEY PREP SCHOOL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

159 INT. BEARDSLEY PREP SCHOOL - OFFICE - DAY

Lots of dark wood and diplomas on the walls. Starchy MISS PRATT is perched on her desk. REVEREND RIGGER is by a bookshelf, smoking his pipe. Humbert sits across from Miss Pratt.

MISS PRATT
Now don't get me wrong, Mr. Humbird. I know you've taken a post at Beardsley College, and I know that over there it's academics first, last, and always. Well, that's not us. At Beardsley Prep, what we stress are the three D's -- Dramatics, Dance, and Dating. The Reverend Rigger is right behind us on this, aren't you, Reverend?

RIGGER
I'm with you all the way, Miss Pratt. Every inch.

MISS PRATT
So you see, Dr. Hummer, we are not so concerned with our girls becoming bookworms or reeling off the names of European capitals or the dates of forgotten battles nobody knows or cares about anyway. For the modern pre-adolescent, medieval dates are less vital than weekend ones.

HUMBERT
Weekend whats?

159 CONTINUED:

MISS PRATT
Why, dates, Mr. Humpling. Boys.

Humbert's face. He smiles wanly.

162 INT. THAYER STREET HOUSE - DAY

Humbert picks up the mail from the kitchen and enters the living room. He sits down in a rocking chair and begins to go through the mail. Lolita has put on a record. She practices dancing. Humbert watches her, and we can see that Lolita is aware that he's watching. But whenever she turns her gaze on him, he pretends to be engrossed in the mail.

LOLITA
I'm supposed to be in a play.

HUMBERT
What play?

LOLITA
I dunno. Some play. At school.

HUMBERT
With the boys from Butler's Academy?

LOLITA
I dunno. Maybe.

HUMBERT
I don't think it's a good idea.

LOLITA
You're depriving me of my civil rights!

HUMBERT
Where did you learn that language?

LOLITA
I'm intelligent!

Lolita dances over to him, curls down next to his chair, and begins rocking the chair with her bare foot.

LOLITA
I have a right to be in a play if I want.

HUMBERT
(being rocked)
Not if I say you don't.

She rests her head on his knee. She puts her hand on the inside of his knee. He tries to peruse the bill he's just opened. Her hand gently creeps a little way up his inner thigh. He clears his throat and continues reading.

162 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
You like that?

HUMBERT
Mm.

LOLITA
You want more, don't ya?

Humbert closes his eyes.

LOLITA
Well, I want things, too.

HUMBERT
What?

LOLITA
Oh, things. You know how my allowance is a dollar a week?

HUMBERT
I know.

She creeps her hand up his inner thigh.

LOLITA
I think it should be two dollars.

Silence. They are both still.

LOLITA
I said I think it should be two dollars.

HUMBERT
A dollar fifty.

Her hand retreats to his knee and stops.

LOLITA
I really do think it should be two dollars.

Her hand begins to creep up his thigh again.

LOLITA
Am I right?

Her hand creeping.

LOLITA
Am I right?

Her hand stops. Humbert gasps and shuts his eyes.

HUMBERT
Yes. God. Two dollars.

162 CONTINUED: (2)

LOLITA
And I get to act in the play.

He is still. Her hand begins to climb up his thigh.

163 EXT./INT. THAYER STREET - DAY

A POSTMAN rings the doorbell. Humbert answers, wearing an apron.

POSTMAN
Parcel.

HUMBERT
Thank you. I'll sign.

Now a HUMBERT THE HOMEMAKER MONTAGE. We see him vacuuming in his apron, humming "My Carmen" as he does. We see him doing the dishes. We see him taking a nip of gin. We MOVE TO:

164 INT. MARKET - DAY

Humbert is toting a shopping basket through the store. He carefully examines a box of Cheerios. He pops Oreos into the cart. He hesitates in front of Wonder Bread, and then puts some in his cart. A freezer advertises "Ice-Cold Drinks," and Humbert, smiling nostalgically, reaches in for bottles of Coke.

He stops in front of the Kotex and stares perplexedly.

CUT TO:

164A EXT. THAYER STREET - DAY

Humbert taking in the groceries. MISS LEBONE, his neighbor to the east, is pruning rosebushes. She eyes him suspiciously.

165 INT./EXT. THAYER STREET HOUSE - DAY

In his apron, Humbert watches through the living room window as Lolita comes home. It is the day of the first snow, and Lolita is wearing a fur collar as she walks her bike. At her side is a boy in a RED SWEATER who seems to be hanging on her every word.

As Humbert watches, the two stop in front of the house. They keep talking earnestly, with Lolita clutching her school books to her chest. She stands on her left instep with her right toe, then removes it backward, crosses her feet, rocks slightly, sketches a few steps, and then does the whole thing again. She feigns helpless merriment at something RED SWEATER says.

Humbert is tantalized. He watches. He pours himself a drink.

165A EXT. BEARDSLEY PREP SCHOOL - DAY

Humbert walking past young girls doing calisthenics, girls in school uniforms reading books on the steps, girls parking bikes.

166 INT. BEARDSLEY PREP SCHOOL - OFFICE - DAY

Miss Pratt, again perched on her desk. Again, the Reverend Rigger standing. Again, Humbert sitting attentively.

MISS PRATT
She's a lovely child, Mr. Haze, but the onset of sexual maturing seems to give her trouble. Is that your observation, Reverend Rigger?

RIGGER
To the tee, Miss Pratt.

MISS PRATT
So you see. She is still shuttling between the anal and genital zones of development.

She makes a shuttling motion with her hand.

MISS PRATT
Anal. Genital. Anal. Genital.

HUMBERT
I beg your pardon?

MISS PRATT
The general impression is that fourteen-year-old Dolores Haze remains morbidly uninterested in sexual matters.

HUMBERT
Has she said anything? About these... matters?

MISS PRATT
(ominously)
Well, that's just it.

HUMBERT
(suddenly very alarmed)
What's just it? She's said something?

MISS PRATT
That's just it. She hasn't said anything.

RIGGER
She hasn't breathed a word.

Humbert looks from one to the other to see whether they are toying with him, whether Lolita has spilled the beans.

166 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Well, who then... I mean, you seem to think...

Miss Pratt gives him a long, knowing look that terrifies him.

MISS PRATT
Exactly.
(silence)
This is a very serious matter.
(more silence)
What we are trying to say, Mr. Haze, is that someone in the family -- maybe you...
(a long, agonizing pause)
This is very hard for me to say.

Humbert is dying.

MISS PRATT
Well, let me put it this way. Someone ought to instruct that dear child in the process of human reproduction.

In spite of himself, Humbert laughs with relief.

MISS PRATT
I see the subject embarrasses you. Yet you, as the girl's father, ought to take the matter well in hand.

HUMBERT
Oh, I have, Miss Pratt. I have taken the matter... well in hand.

MISS PRATT
Oh. Well, then. That's all I needed to say. I'm pleased that you've let her take those piano lessons, and I'm so glad she's participating in 'The Hunted Enchanters', or what is it? -- anyway, our school play. She was such a precious little nymph in the tryout, wasn't she, Reverend Rigger?

RIGGER
Made for the role.

MISS PRATT
The playwright himself is visiting Beardsley College, you know, and I even think he's dropped in on a rehearsal or two in our new auditorium. So who knows? A star may be born, Mr. Haze.

He looks at her.

168 INT. THAYER STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

MONA, a sultry girl one year older than Lolita, is standing in the living room with Lolita, and they are rehearsing the play, complete with dramatic gestures and fake-English intonation. Three boys, including RED SWEATER, are standing around with their hands in their pockets, watching appreciatively.

MONA
Oh, rosy mistress of the night, you have enchanted many a hunter's heart. But this time, my temptress, you have met your match. For, far more than a hunter, I am a poet!

LOLITA
The night has fallen, Rodrigo. The night is my realm, and not even your larking charms can penetrate its dark splendor.

Humbert, a glass of gin in his hand, has sneaked to the doorway to watch. He's a little wobbly, and his hair is unkempt. RED SWEATER winks and cocks his head in Humbert's direction to indicate that he's there -- whereupon the rehearsal stops and everyone falls silent. Humbert, taken by surprise, shuffles in and makes a pretense of looking for something on the mantel.

HUMBERT
I'm looking for my glasses. Don't let me spoil the show. Carry on.

He notices they are all staring at him.

HUMBERT
Ah, here they are. Well.

Silence.

HUMBERT
So. What are you working on?

The boys gather in a corner and whisper among themselves, eyeing Humbert from time to time. Mona steps into the breach.

MONA
This is our play, Mr. Humbert. It's 'The Enchanted -- '

Lolita steps on her toe, but Humbert doesn't see.

MONA
(giving Lolita a look)
It's the enchanting new play by the world-famous playwright --

This time Lolita kicks her.

168 CONTINUED:

MONA
-- who wrote it. Anyway, Reverend Rigger is quite exercised about it. He says it's very poetical of its kind.

HUMBERT
Does he?

LOLITA
Dad. Can we just work?

HUMBERT
You don't mind if I just stay and watch, do you, Mona?

MONA
(to the boys)
Hey, you guys don't mind if Mr. Humbert watches, do you?

LOLITA
(aside, to Humbert)
It'll cost you.

HUMBERT
What?

LOLITA
It. Will. Cost. You.

Silence.

HUMBERT
I think my drink needs freshening. You two continue your little rehearsal. But not too late, Lo, all right?

LOLITA
Yeah. Sure.

He leaves.

MONA
(to Lolita)
Wow. You've got him under control.

169 INT. BED - NIGHT

Humbert rolls over from making love to Lolita. As he does, we see he is grasping her arm, and her fist is clenched tight. He lies back and breathes for a moment, as she strains to free her arm from his grasp. Then he rouses himself, silently struggling with her to open her hand. Finally she does, and an astonishing number of coins fall out onto the bed. They both scramble for them, muttering, and we can see they've reached a kind of dementia, a real folie a deux.

169 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
Stop it! Give it back! You owe me!

HUMBERT
For that? That... ice-cold drink?

LOLITA
You got what you wanted.

HUMBERT
You can't do that. You can't make me pay extra right in the middle of it.

LOLITA
Oh, really? Is that against the rules? Dad?

HUMBERT
What do you need money for? You're trying to run away from me, aren't you? Aren't you?

LOLITA
Who wouldn't try to get away from you? You're old and you're creepy and you drink too much --

HUMBERT
You're a little whore!

LOLITA
And you're a bore! And you're getting <u>fat</u>!

She grabs a last handful of coins and scampers out of bed, naked. He leaps up and chases her around the room. Then she flees toward her own room, with Humbert in hot pursuit. She slams the door and locks it. Humbert throws himself against the wall, spent and panting, his eyes crazed. He goes to the mirror, pulls up his shirt, and stares wildly at his stomach in profile.

170 INT. THAYER STREET HOUSE - DAY

Humbert is creeping around the house in his smoking jacket. We see everything from his jagged, half-crazed POV. He peeks around corners, climbs the stairs, sneaks into Lolita's room. The rest of the scene shifts back and forth between Humbert's POV and omniscience, as Humbert starts tearing through Lolita's things, looking for money, and looking for anything else that might inform him about her life outside his embrace.

HUMBERT
(murmuring)
Okay, Lo. Where's the money? Where's your little stash?

170 CONTINUED:

He tears through a wastebasket, looks through crumpled papers. He looks under her pillow, and then hurriedly half-makes her bed. He rifles through drawers. He snatches up books and shakes them. From one thick volume, eight dollar bills flutter to the floor. He looks at the book's title, and we see it, too: "Treasure Island".

HUMBERT
(to himself)
Cute, Lo, but not cute enough.

He picks up the bills and sinks onto her bed, counting them like a madman.

171 INT. THAYER STREET HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Lolita is sitting near a table reading her script, following the words with her finger. She sucks on a pencil and lolls sideways in an easy chair, with both legs over its arm. Near her is a half-eaten wedge of cherry pie and a glass of milk. Humbert is sitting nearby, preparing a lecture.

Lolita sucks on the pencil, and jiggles her legs. Humbert tries to concentrate, but her legs are a terrible distraction.

The soft down on her legs. Humbert shifts in his chair.

Lolita's mouth, sucking the pencil. She looks over to where Humbert had been sitting. The chair is empty. She looks down. At the other end of the room, Humbert is crouching. He crawls toward her. She watches a while, then goes back to her script. Humbert crawls to the table and bumps it to get her attention. She looks at him. He dodges, hiding his face behind the table legs. Then he peeps out and gives her a ghastly grin. She stares at him and returns to her script.

Humbert crawls under the table. She bends her head under the table to peer at him. She goes back to her script. He crawls toward her under the table. She rolls her eyes toward the ceiling. He is under her now, looking up her skirt. He makes a low sound in his throat. Slowly, he reaches a hand up toward her legs. She shifts them away. He reaches higher.

She suddenly bends down under the table and stares into his eyes. His <u>eye</u> twitches. She imitates his <u>tic</u>.

The PHONE in the hall RINGS. He starts and bumps his head.

Rubbing his head, he goes to the phone and picks it up. He stands in the doorway between the kitchen and the hall.

HUMBERT
Yes?

VOICE (V.O.)
Hello, is that Mr. Humbert?

171 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Yes.

VOICE (V.O.)
This is Miss Cormorant... Dolly's piano teacher?

HUMBERT
Oh, yes.

CORMORANT (V.O.)
Well, it's just... will Dolly be attending her lesson next Tuesday?

Lolita pulls the cherry pie toward her and takes a bite.

HUMBERT
I don't see why not.

CORMORANT (V.O.)
Oh, good. Because since she missed the last two -- last Tuesday and then yesterday...

HUMBERT
She missed?

CORMORANT (V.O.)
Well, I just didn't know if she was still sick, or... because she didn't come.

HUMBERT
I assure you she will be there next week, Miss Cormorant. She and I are going to have a little talk.

CORMORANT (V.O.)
Oh, good. Well, thank you. Bye.

HUMBERT
Goodbye.

Humbert hangs up the phone and comes back into the kitchen. Lolita is eating her pie and reading her script.

HUMBERT
How are the piano lessons going?

LOLITA
Great. Excellent.

HUMBERT
Especially since you've missed the last two. Where were you?

171 CONTINUED: (2)

LOLITA
Where was I? Well, okay. I'll tell you. I should have told you before. I don't know why I didn't.

HUMBERT
You're stalling, Lolita.

LOLITA
I was in the park. Rehearsing the play. With Mona.

HUMBERT
That's your story?

LOLITA
That's what I was doing.

HUMBERT
What's Mona's phone number?

LOLITA
Mona's phone number?

HUMBERT
Come on. Out with it.

LOLITA
555-7241.

Humbert strides briskly to the phone and dials.

172 INT. THAYER HOUSE/INT. MONA'S HOUSE - TELEPHONE SEQUENCE

WOMAN'S VOICE
Hello?

HUMBERT
Is Mona there, please?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Mona! It's Roy!

Humbert waits.

MONA'S VOICE
Roy, you dumb shit. I waited a half hour for you. You better have a fucking good --

HUMBERT
Mona, this is Dolores' father!

MONA
Oh. Oh, hello, sir. Pardon my French.

172 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Did you spend the last two Tuesdays with Dolores rehearsing in the park?

MONA
Let's see, let's see. The last two Tuesdays.

HUMBERT
One of them, Mona, was yesterday.

MONA
You know, Mr. Humbert, that's absolutely right. And I feel awful bad about it. I alone am to blame, sir, believe me. The whole rehearsing-in-the-park thing was my idea. 'Cause we didn't want to get on your nerves. Sir.

173 INT. THAYER STREET HOUSE

Humbert slams down the phone. Lolita is sitting very casually, almost slatternly, in the chair. Her foot is propped against a nearby stool. She has a white mustache from the milk.

LOLITA
Well? Did she confirm?

HUMBERT
She did. And I have no doubt that she was carefully instructed. In fact, I have no doubt that you've told her all about us.

Silence. Lolita wipes her milk mustache away and begins chewing on a hangnail. She is gazing at him vacantly and rocking her foot against the stool. Humbert can't help staring at her thigh.

HUMBERT
Lo, this must stop right away. The play, the boys, Mona -- I am ready to yank you right out of Beardsley in the time it takes to pack a suitcase. Unless this stops --

LOLITA
Unless what stops?

Humbert kicks the stool away. Her foot falls with a THUD.

LOLITA
Hey! Take it easy, mister!

HUMBERT
First of all you go upstairs.

173 CONTINUED:

He grabs her arm and pulls her up. She flails and fights.

LOLITA
Leave me alone! You pervert!

HUMBERT
You conniving little slut!

He slaps her. She backs away and makes a monstrous face.

LOLITA
Go ahead! You beast! You filthy foreigner! Murder me! Murder me like you murdered my mother!

HUMBERT
Stop that! Stop it!

LOLITA
Murderer! Pervert!

He grabs her wrist and begins to pull her toward the stairs.

HUMBERT
You little whore! Planning your getaway? Is that what you were doing?

LOLITA
Yeah, that's right, moron! Anything to get away from you!

HUMBERT
You're going to show me every penny you've been hiding, and then --

She breaks away from him and runs out of the room. He sags into a chair, and we hear the FRONT DOOR SLAM.

He leaps up and heads for the living room.

174 EXT. THAYER STREET HOUSE BY DOOR - NIGHT (RAIN)

He looks out the window, and sees her bicycle wheels flashing in the darkness. He runs to the front door and opens it.

Miss Lebone, the next-door neighbor, is there, looking ferocious.

LEBONE
I don't know who you people think you are, screaming and carrying on. We do not live in a tenement here, Mr. Humberton. This language --

HUMBERT
I do beg your pardon. It's my daughter's young friends.

174 CONTINUED:

LEBONE
Well, I'll thank you to --

HUMBERT
I'm sorry, I really must go.

He tears past her, running into the night.

175 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (RAIN)

Humbert running up the street. He is paranoid, hysterical, crazed. A streetcar clatters toward him, and for a moment it looks as though it will mow him down; passengers in the white-lit interior peer out at him.

At a corner, he sees a young man embracing and kissing Lolita. He rushes toward them -- but it turns out to be someone else. The rain gets harder. Humbert is out of breath, half-running, half-dragging himself.

In front of a drugstore, he spies Lolita's bicycle. Humbert goes to the drugstore door. He's frantic now, but he's struggling to regain his composure. The trouble is, he can't get the door open. He pulls, he turns, he pushes, not hard enough, he pulls, he pushes again. Finally the door opens.

176 INT. DRUGSTORE

He strides in. Ten paces away, in a little booth, Lolita is hunched over the phone, talking rapidly and conspiratorially. She sees Humbert, turns away, and hangs up just as he reaches the booth. Then she flies out of the booth to meet him.

LOLITA
Oh, good. I was just trying to reach you at home. Look, I've made a decision.

HUMBERT
You have?

LOLITA
Yeah. So buy me a drink.

They sit at the fountain. The pale fountain Girl comes by with her pad.

LOLITA
Cherry Coke, please. With extra syrup.

HUMBERT
Nothing for me.

The fountain Girl puts in the ice, pours the Coke, adds the voluptuous cherry syrup. Humbert waits in agony. Finally the drink is served, and Lolita dives into it with gusto.

176 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Tell me.

LOLITA
What's the rush?

HUMBERT
Lo.

She polishes off the cherry Coke.

LOLITA
Pay her, and let's blow this joint.

Humbert pays the bill, and they go to the door. Again, he can't get it open. Lolita gives him a look and opens it with ease.

177 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (RAIN)

Humbert walks beside Lolita as she slowly rides her bike, one foot scraping the darkly glistening sidewalk.

LOLITA
I want to leave school. I hate that school. I hate the play -- I really do! I never, ever want to go back, ever.

HUMBERT
Don't mock me, Lolita.

LOLITA
Dad, listen. I mean this. I want us to leave, take another trip -- right away! Now! Just like the last time. Only this time we'll go wherever I want to go. Okay?

HUMBERT
Yes. Okay. Yes.

LOLITA
Okay? I choose?

HUMBERT
(dazed, near tears)
You choose. Yes. Yes. You choose.

LOLITA
Look, I'm getting soaked. Meet me at home, okay?

She hops on her bicycle and makes off into the night. Humbert watches her a moment and then begins to run through the rain.

178 INT. THAYER STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

Humbert stumbles in. Lolita is in the hall, drying her hair. She tosses her head and lets it fall. Humbert stares at her. He whispers.

HUMBERT
Lolita.

She pulls off her wet sweater. Underneath, she has nothing on. She looks glorious.

LOLITA
Carry me upstairs. I feel sort of romantic tonight.

He goes to her and sweeps her up in his arms.

179 EXT. THAYER STREET - CAR - DAY

Humbert putting bags in the trunk. He closes the trunk and gets in the car, where Lolita is waiting, poring over guide books.

180 INT. CAR - DAY

Lolita marking guidebooks and maps with her lipstick.

LOLITA
So we need to be at Wace in exactly one week.

Humbert starts the car, then leans over for a look at the map.

HUMBERT
That's easily done. But why Wace in a week?

LOLITA
We gotta see the, you know, the ceremonial dances when they open Magic Cave.

HUMBERT
If you say so.

Humbert starts driving.

LOLITA
And then, exactly two weeks and four days later, we have to arrive down in Elphinstone -- see?

She points. Humbert glances over.

HUMBERT
Yes.

LOLITA
And that's where we climb Red Rock.

180 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
We have to climb it exactly two weeks and four days later?

LOLITA
Exactly.

She leans over and kisses him on the cheek.

LOLITA
Oh, I'm so excited.

HUMBERT
I just think it's remarkable how quickly you gave it all up. The play especially. Weren't you just two weeks from opening night?

LOLITA
I'm sick of that play. I hate that play and everybody involved with it.

HUMBERT
Who wrote it again?

LOLITA
Some old woman. Clare something.

HUMBERT
A woman? I thought it was a man.

LOLITA
No. She's definitely a woman. She wears dresses. She has a brother who's a man. She's nice, though. She liked me.

HUMBERT
She complimented you?

LOLITA
Complimented my eye. She kissed me. Right on the forehead. Gee, she's gonna miss me in the play. But that's life. Right, Dad?

HUMBERT
(laughing)
Right. That's life.

LOLITA
We're bad, aren't we?

HUMBERT
Very bad.

180 CONTINUED: (2)

The car rounds a corner, and as it does, it passes a police cruiser. Humbert, looking skittish, eyes the Officer inside, and the Officer inside stares back at him.

181 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

In LONG or OVERHEAD SHOT, we see Lolita slip out of the car, calling, "Be right back." She trots to the rear of the station and out of sight, as Humbert slowly gets out of the car and talks to the mechanic. Both of them open the hood.

SHOTS of Humbert's face, as he nods in the heat; the gas station, with RADIO MUSIC coming from the open door; a red icebox; white-walled tires, motor oil; garbage cans. From across the street, a red convertible suddenly zooms away.

Lolita appears and comes across the street. She is emerging from the opposite direction from what we would have expected.

HUMBERT
Where have you been?

LOLITA
Toilet.

HUMBERT
The toilet's back there.

LOLITA
Oh. Yeah, that's true, but someone was in there. So I went over to the...

She turns and peers across the street. We dimly perceive a bar there called Ralph's.

LOLITA
... to Ralph's. They got restrooms there.

HUMBERT
Get in the car.

182 EXT. CHESTNUT COURT MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

Humbert's car pulls up to the cabin. He and Lolita get out, and Humbert starts removing bags from the trunk.

183 INT. CHESTNUT COURT MOTEL - ROOM - SUNSET

Humbert is eating a sandwich at a little table and gazing at the sunset outside the window. On the table is an open package of Wonder Bread, a jar of peanut butter, a jar of jelly, paper plates and cups, and a sticky plastic knife.

Lolita is sitting across from Humbert. She is staring into her paper plate.

183 CONTINUED:

She is tearing the crusts off slices of Wonder Bread, shredding the bread slices, then rolling the dough into little balls.

HUMBERT
Now that, Lolita, is a sunset. An American sunset, worthy of the Hudson School painters.

Lolita grunts, doesn't look up. She continues her labors.

HUMBERT
What are you doing?

LOLITA
(sullenly)
This is how you're supposed to do Wonder Bread.

HUMBERT
You don't like the crusts?

LOLITA
Don't you know anything? You tear the crusts off. And you have to roll up the bread and pop it in your mouth. For a burst of flavor.

She does.

HUMBERT
Is that what it says on the package?

LOLITA
This is just stuff we know.

HUMBERT
Who knows?

LOLITA
We. Americans.

He looks at her.

184 INT. CHESTNUT COURT MOTEL - MORNING

Humbert is getting dressed. Lolita is still in bed.

HUMBERT
Want to go explore the town?

LOLITA
I don't feel so hot.

HUMBERT
What's the matter?

184 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
I don't know. It's no big deal. Let me just stay in bed for a while. Can you give me those comics?

Humbert brings her some comic books. He sits on the bed.

HUMBERT
Shall I walk down to the town and bring back some fruit?

LOLITA
Yeah. Bananas.

HUMBERT
Anything else?

LOLITA
Just bananas.

185 EXT. CHESTNUT COURT MOTEL - CABIN - DAY

Humbert walks off with a jaunty step. We HOLD on the window. Suddenly, Lolita's face appears, looking out.

186A INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

On the floor, among hair clippings, a brown paper bag with bananas sticking out. The CAMERA MOVES UP to Humbert in a barber chair getting shaved and watching a wooden TV with a tiny black-and-white screen. The Barber stops and clicks the channels.

TV ANNOUNCER
-- ilty can't be here in our Texaco Playhouse studios, because he's in Wace, Texas tonight working on the premiere of his brand new play. But I want to welcome his writing partner, here she is, ladies and gentlemen, the lovely and talented Miss Vivian Darkbloom. Let's give her --

Humbert is looking quizzically at the set, but the Barber clicks to another channel -- Milton Berle dressed up in women's clothing.

187 EXT. CHESTNUT COURT MOTEL - DAY

Humbert walks up the drive, carrying his grocery bag. A large girl is loaded with linen, cleaning the cabins. Between the cabins are garages; an elderly couple is backing out of one of them in a new car. We PAN PAST other garages. From one, the hood of a red convertible protrudes.

A handsome young man is carrying a portable refrigerator and putting it in his station wagon. He sees Humbert and winks.

187 CONTINUED:

Humbert stops and looks at him, and then goes into the cabin.

188 INT. CHESTNUT COURT MOTEL - ROOM

As Humbert enters, Lolita is sitting on the bed, in slacks and a T-shirt, looking at him as though she can't quite place him. At the sight of her, we go into SLOW MOTION and there is a ROARING in Humbert's ears. Her breasts, outlined by the shirt. Her mouth, freshly, though smudgily, lipsticked. Her hands, clasped in her lap. Humbert puts down his bag. He looks at her sandals. Then at her face. Then at her sandals again. They are filthy with gravel.

HUMBERT
You've been out.

LOLITA
I just got up.

HUMBERT
Don't lie to me.

LOLITA
Oh -- well, I did go out for a second, yeah. You took so long, I went to see if you were coming back.

Humbert goes to the window and looks out. The young man he had spotted earlier is now loading his pregnant wife into the station wagon. Otherwise, there is nothing much to see. He stares at Lolita. Then suddenly he pushes her back on the bed. He stares down at her.

HUMBERT
Who? Who?

With one hand, he pins her two hands above her head, and with the other hand, he rips her shirt off. She arches against him, but he is on top of her, sniffing at her hair and neck.

HUMBERT
Who? Tell me who!

He raises himself and looks down at her. For a moment, they glare at each other. They are sweating and panting. He kisses her hard on the mouth, and she responds hungrily, kissing back, then guiding his arm downward. He pulls off her pants. They make love ferociously.

DISSOLVE TO:

189 INT. CHESTNUT COURT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lolita is in bed, asleep. Humbert, naked, stares at the ceiling. The SOUND of RAIN. Outside, he thinks he hears VOICES, GIGGLING. He rises, goes to the window. He hears VOICES. He pulls back the curtains. Nothing is there.

189 CONTINUED:

He hears a light TAPPING at the door. He slowly goes to the door and opens it.

A man at the door is standing holding a Dick Tracy mask over his face. In the background, shadowy figures whisper creepily. Humbert cries out and slams the door. Then he opens it again. No one is there. He closes the door. Again, he thinks he hears WHISPERS and GIGGLING in the rain.

He reels into the bathroom and turns on the fluorescent light. It is broken -- it SNAPS and SNARLS and keeps blinking on and off. The SOUND of the RAIN gives way to the SOUND of the DRIPPING FAUCET. Humbert looks into the sink, which is eerily greenish-blue in the fluorescent light. In the sink sits a cake of soap, and the dripping faucet has made a ghastly green hole in the middle of it. Humbert stares at it, and then examines his face in the mirror.

The fluorescent light blinks on, off. Humbert's face -- on, off.

He reels out of the bathroom, and goes to his suitcase. The bathroom light continues to flicker as he burrows about in the suitcase and emerges with a folded, white woolen scarf. He opens the scarf. There is a small revolver in it. Humbert checks it.

190 INT. CAR DRIVING - REAR VIEW MIRROR - DAY

The red convertible in the mirror. We can see the driver in dark glasses, with a large mustache. A burst of sunlight obscures him for a moment.

The red convertible in the mirror, only this time the driver has no sunglasses and no mustache.

Lolita is eating a banana in her usual way, toothing the white, outside part first.

HUMBERT
Lo, reach into the glovebox. There's a pad and pencil there.

Still holding the banana, she does.

HUMBERT
Okay. Write this down.

He peers into the rear view mirror.

HUMBERT
Uh, Connecticut.

Lolita puts the banana down on the seat next to her.

LOLITA
How do you spell that?

190 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Just write Conn. C-o-n-n.

LOLITA
That it?

HUMBERT
No. Write this down. P-J-4-4-3-9-6. Got it?

LOLITA
Got it. What's the big deal?

HUMBERT
Let me see.

She shows him the pad.

HUMBERT
Put it in the glovebox. There's a detective following us.

She does, then settles back and reaches for her banana.

LOLITA
Oh, look. Your thingie.

HUMBERT
My what?

LOLITA
Your gizmo. All the nines are changing into the next thousand. Oh God, when I was a kid, you know? I used to think they'd stop and go back to nines if my mother put the car in reverse.

HUMBERT
You're still a kid, Lo.

191 EXT. CAR DRIVING - SMALL TOWN - DAY

As they near an intersection, a traffic Cop steps forward, motioning Humbert's car ahead, and then stopping the red convertible. Humbert is delighted.

HUMBERT
Ha! See that? We gave him the slip.

LOLITA
If he's really a cop, that might not be so smart.

191 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
(still delighted)
I know what I'm doing. We're about to cross the state line, and he can't follow me then.

LOLITA
(calmly)
Unless he's a fed.

Humbert is silent.

LOLITA
Or a fragment of your imagination.

HUMBERT
'Figment.'

192 INT./EXT. CAR DRIVING - DAY

Humbert driving. Lolita is sleeping on the seat next to him, her legs curled into the fetal position, her hands together, palms facing, between her thighs. Humbert looks in the rear view mirror. The road behind is empty.

193 INT./EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

While the ATTENDANT is pumping, wiping the windshield, and so forth, Humbert goes into the station to buy some sunglasses. He glances out before he starts trying them on. Lolita is sitting in the car, flicking bottle caps.

Humbert tries on some sunglasses. Then another pair. He is looking at himself in the mirror, when a movement outside catches his eye.

He looks toward the car, and there he sees that Lolita is talking to someone. But he can't see who the someone is because the price sticker on the sunglasses is in the way.

Panicked, he whips off the glasses. A man in an oatmeal-colored coat is leaning on the car window and talking with Lolita, and the two of them are laughing and conversing as though they'd known each other for years.

Humbert begins to bolt toward the car, still holding the sunglasses, but, behind him, the attendant speaks.

ATTENDANT
You plannin' on payin' for 'em?

HUMBERT
What?

ATTENDANT
Them sunglasses. Three sixty.

193 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
No, no. I've got to go. Here. I won't be needing these.

He hangs up the glasses again and makes for the door.

ATTENDANT
Well maybe you'd like to think about payin' for the gas, then.

HUMBERT
Oh. How much? How much?

ATTENDANT
That'll be six seventy-eight.

Humbert throws a wad of bills down and rushes out to the car.

194 INT. CAR - DAY

Lolita is sitting calmly, studying a road map. Humbert gets in.

HUMBERT
What did that man say to you?

LOLITA
What man?

HUMBERT
That man.

LOLITA
Oh, you mean that guy? The guy who was talking to me?

HUMBERT
Lo.

LOLITA
He just wanted to know if I had a map. I guess he was lost.

They drive.

HUMBERT
Now listen, Lo. You're very young, and you don't know that people can take advantage of you.

LOLITA
Oh, that's very hard to imagine.

HUMBERT
Listen to me. That man is the cop who has been following us. Now I want to know exactly what you told him.

194 CONTINUED:

She laughs.

LOLITA
If he's really a cop, the worst thing we could do is show him we're scared. Then he'd know we're guilty, right? Or, rather, you're guilty.

Humbert looks nervously in the rear view mirror.

HUMBERT
Give me that pad, Lo. The one in the glovebox.

She reaches in, takes it out and hands it over. Humbert tries to look at it as he drives.

HUMBERT
See? It was very intelligent of us to -- what have you...?

Humbert drives onto the highway shoulder and screeches to a halt. We see the pad. All the numbers have been changed or erased in a way that's childishly obvious. Lolita is now gazing out the window at cows. Humbert calls her name softly. She turns to him. He hits her hard across the face. She bursts into tears.

HUMBERT
I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry...

She buries her face in her hands.

195 EXT. CAR DRIVING - A SMALL TOWN - DAY

Humbert looks in the rear view mirror. The red convertible is behind him. Humbert looks alarmed, but then does a double-take. He looks back in the rear view mirror and sees that, instead of ferrying his unknown nemesis, it is full of teenagers, laughing and yelling. The red convertible passes Humbert's car, and the teenagers yell at him.

196 INT. WACE POST OFFICE - DAY

Humbert collecting his mail. Lolita in the background, lounging by the wall.

HUMBERT
Anything for H. Edgar Humbert or Dolores Haze?

POSTAL WORKER
Just checking.

Humbert idly looks over at a wanted poster. The face on it MORPHS into his momentarily.

196 CONTINUED:

POSTAL WORKER
Here ya go. Mr. Humbert? Your mail.

Humbert receives the letters.

HUMBERT
Bills. I should never have left a forwarding address.

POSTAL WORKER
That's what they all say.

Humbert turns to look for Lolita. She has gone.

A gnarled old MAN is sweeping the floor.

HUMBERT
Did you see a young girl? She was standing right here?

SWEEPER
Yup. Waved to somebody and then she left clean out of here.

Humbert goes out.

197 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

A sun-drenched Texas town. Humbert searches the street. There is no sign of Lolita. He begins to look in stores.

198 EXT. FLASHES OF STORES - DAY

Drugs. Real Estate. Fashions. Auto Parts. Cafe. Sporting Goods.

199 EXT. PUBLIC GARDEN - DAY

Humbert sits hunched on a bench.

200 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Humbert is wandering in a daze. Suddenly, Lolita is at his side, touching his sleeve with a timid and imbecile smile.

LOLITA
Hi. I was looking for you.

HUMBERT
<u>You</u> were looking for <u>me</u>?

LOLITA
Yeah. Where'd you go?

HUMBERT
Don't play that game with me. Where did <u>you</u> go?

200 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
Me? I saw a friend. A girl. From Beardsley.

HUMBERT
Who? I know the name of every girl in your group.

LOLITA
Well, see, you wouldn't know this one.

HUMBERT
Why?

LOLITA
Well, see, she was from the town. She was a townie.

HUMBERT
Good. I packed the Beardsley phone book. We'll look her up.

LOLITA
Well, but I only know her first name.

HUMBERT
Which is?

LOLITA
Dolly -- like me.

HUMBERT
And what did the two Dollys do for...
(looks at his watch)
... forty-five minutes?

LOLITA
We went to a drugstore.

HUMBERT
What did you have?

LOLITA
Couple of Cokes.

HUMBERT
We can check that.

LOLITA
Well, she had a Coke. I had a glass of water.

HUMBERT
Good. Was it that place there?

LOLITA
Sure.

200 CONTINUED: (2)

HUMBERT
Let's check.

He moves toward the drugstore.

LOLITA
Come to think of it, it might have been just around the corner.

HUMBERT
Well, it's a small town. We'll have time to check them all.

LOLITA
Okay, I was just funnin' you. We didn't have a Coke. We were looking at dresses in the store windows.

HUMBERT
Which window?

LOLITA
That window.

They go to the dress shop window. A Boy is vacuuming the carpet. Two mannequins are standing in the window. One is naked, wigless and armless. The other, a tall, veiled bride, is missing an arm. On the floor lie a blonde wig and three slender arms, twisted around one another.

HUMBERT
Get in the car.

He gives her a little shove, and she trudges ahead of him toward the car.

201 EXT./INT. CAR DRIVING - DAY

They are driving through mountains.

202 INT. HUMBERT'S REAR VIEW MIRROR

A Chevrolet Campus Cream convertible is following Humbert. In it, we can dimly make out a man with sunglasses and a mustache.

203 INT. HUMBERT'S REAR VIEW MIRROR

A Horizon Blue sedan is following Humbert. In it we can dimly make out a man with a mustache but no sunglasses.

204 INT. HUMBERT'S REAR VIEW MIRROR

A Surf Gray sedan is following Humbert. In it we can dimly make out a man with sunglasses but no mustache.

205 INT. CAR - DAY

In the rear view mirror, the Surf Gray sedan pursuing Humbert. Suddenly, there is a loud NOISE, and Humbert's car begins to shudder. We hear a helpless PLAP PLAP PLAP.

LOLITA
You got a flat, mister.

Humbert pulls the car over near a precipice. Lolita folds her arms and puts her feet up on the dashboard.

206 EXT. ROAD - DAY

Humbert gets out to examine the flat. The other car stops fifty yards away. Humbert looks at it.

207 EXT. SUNGLASSES AND MUSTACHE SEEN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The pursuer is grinning and laughing.

208 EXT. ROAD - DAY

Humbert walks toward the pursuer's sedan. It backs up a few feet. Humbert stubs his foot on a rock.

The pursuer grinning and laughing.

Behind the pursuer's sedan, a tremendous truck suddenly looms. It thunders by, and, a moment later, HONKS convulsively. Humbert looks back -- and sees his own car gently creeping downhill, with Lolita at the wheel. Humbert gallops back toward his car. He runs alongside it as it rolls.

HUMBERT
Lo! Pull the handbrake!

The car finally stops. Lolita looks out the window. The pursuant car does a screeching U-turn and drives away. Humbert gets in his own car and sits hunched for a moment, breathing hard.

HUMBERT
For Christ's sake, what did you think you were doing?

LOLITA
Don't shout at me. I've got a headache.

HUMBERT
Lo, what's going on? Is something going on?

LOLITA
You should thank me. It was sliding and I stopped it.

Silence.

208 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
You should thank me.

209 INT. CAR - NIGHT (RAIN)

Humbert is driving behind the big truck that went by earlier. From the cab window, a lit cigarette flies back and explodes against Humbert's windshield.

Humbert's face. He looks into the rear view mirror.

Blackness and rain.

210 EXT. CHAMPION HOTEL - TENNIS COURT - DAY

Lolita's bare knee. She is raising it as she serves. She wears tennis shorts, a white breast kerchief with ribbons around her neck, and a cap with a white peak. Her midriff is bare and tan.

We watch her serve to Humbert. Her movements are exquisitely graceful and pure.

She sends her first serve into the net. She mimics dismay by drooping in a ballet attitude, her hair hanging down.

A man and a woman are sitting at courtside, watching. They yell, "Hey, that's okay! Try again! Good form!" and the like.

Lolita serves again, and, as Humbert gazes at her, the ball thuds past him.

211 EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

The man and woman who were watching come onto the court.

MAN
Hey! Hi! Bill Mead. And this is Fay Page. Say, the little girl's got nice form. Mind if we join you for some doubles?

HUMBERT
No, no, I'm terribly sorry, but --

A BELLBOY calls from the lawn.

BELLBOY
Telephone for Mr. Humbert!

HUMBERT
For heaven's sake. Would you excuse me for a moment?

212 INT. CHAMPION HOTEL - FRONT DESK

Humbert is talking to the hotel CLERK.

212 CONTINUED:

CLERK
No, they hung up. But they said it was urgent. It's the --

He hands Humbert a piece of paper.

CLERK
Birdsley School. See there? Miss Pratt.

213 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH

Humbert on the phone.

HUMBERT
She did call me!... Why couldn't she?... Well, where is she then? Maybe she -- England? You mean right now, today, Miss Pratt is in England?

The terror of it dawns on him.

HUMBERT
Good Lord!

He hangs up and races through the lobby, out of the hotel.

214 EXT. CHAMPION HOTEL - TERRACE - DAY

The terrace looks down on the tennis courts.

Lolita is playing with three people: BILL MEAD, FAY PAGE, and a balding man with a mustache and sunglasses. It is Quilty, and he is in an antic mood. He dances around the court, yelling witticisms we can't quite hear, and everyone breaks into laughter. He hits Lolita on the rear with his racket. Suddenly, he sees Humbert descending upon him, and he drops his racket and begins flapping his arms like a chicken. Then he disappears into the shrubbery. Just beyond the court, we see him get into a gray car and drive away. Humbert gallops down to the court.

HUMBERT
Who was that person?

BILL MEAD
I have no idea.

FAY PAGE
He just busted right in on us, said we couldn't play doubles without a fourth. But we never saw him before in our lives, did we, Dolly?

LOLITA
Can we just get on with the game?

214 CONTINUED:

Mead and Page are having trouble controlling their mirth.

BILL MEAD
Anyway, we gotta go. It's been swell.

FAY PAGE
It really has. Bye, Dolly.

They disappear into the bushes and we hear them break into LAUGHTER. Humbert picks up the racket that Quilty discarded.

The handle is hot. He slumps. Lolita looks at him.

215 EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Lolita diving into the pool. She swims a length and gets out.

From the shade of a tree, Quilty is watching. We still do not see his face, although we see his ring as he pulls a bough back to watch Lolita. Humbert stares at him from across the pool. He has little bits of toilet paper on his face where he's cut himself shaving. He looks haggard and sallow. Quilty is wearing sunglasses and wet, black swimming trunks, and he pulls them up very tight. He keeps grinning, baring his teeth.

Lolita, in her red swimsuit, is gamboling in the grass, rather erotically, with a dog -- the same dog Lolita met at "The Enchanted Hunters." She is throwing a red ball, letting the dog fetch it and then tussling sensuously with him. Quilty watches.

Humbert watches him. Suddenly, he gasps and clutches his chest, as if he were having a heart attack.

HUMBERT
(to himself)
Uncle Gustave.

He calls to Lolita, a little crazily.

HUMBERT
That's it, Lo. It's not a cop! It's Gustave. It's my Uncle Gustave.

LOLITA
What?

Suddenly, Humbert throws up violently on the grass.

LOLITA
(to a woman)
Christ. My father's having a fit.

216 INT./EXT. CAR DRIVING - MOUNTAIN ROAD - EVENING (RAIN)

The car is weaving; the windshield WIPERS SWISH. Humbert is driving, looking bleary. He swigs from a silver flask.

216 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
You're sure?

HUMBERT
I'm okay, I'm okay. You know, maybe we should go to Mexico, Lo. After Elphinstone. You can climb the Red Rock, or whatever it is, and then we head down to ol' Mexico. My little Carmen.

Rain. The SWISH of the windshield WIPERS.

LOLITA
Quit drinking that stuff. Your driving's making me want to puke.

HUMBERT
I mean, why stay? Why stay in America and get hounded all our lives? There's no point in staying here.

The SOUND of windshiled WIPERS.

LOLITA
There's no point in staying anywhere.

217 INT. ELPHINSTONE HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Humbert is at the front desk with a woman RECEPTIONIST. Lolita is in an armchair, eyes closed, very pale.

RECEPTIONIST
If you'll just sign here, I'll -- say, what's the matter with your little daughter? Is she ill?

HUMBERT
She's just fine. She's --

He turns to look at her.

HUMBERT
My God.

218 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

THROUGH A WINDOW, we see Lolita in a bed, an I.V. in her arm. In a corridor, Humbert, carrying flowers, confers with DR. BLUE.

BLUE
It's a virus. Nothing to worry about. I've had forty cases like this in the last two weeks.

HUMBERT
So should I just take her home?

218 CONTINUED:

BLUE
No. We're going to just keep her here overnight, keep her hydrated, help her sleep.

HUMBERT
I'll stay with her then.

BLUE
Can't let you do that either. Look, you go back and get some sleep. It won't help anything if you catch it too.

HUMBERT
I've already got it. I feel terrible. Maybe I should stay.

BLUE
Go. Call us in the morning. And get some rest. I'll take those.

He takes the flowers from Humbert.

219 INT./EXT. HUMBERT'S CAR - NIGHT (RAIN)

Humbert is hunched in his car, watching the hospital through the windshield wipers, stunned by his new solitude.

220 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Humbert lying on the bed, shivering and drinking gin. He is having a fever dream...

221 DREAM SEQUENCE

... about Mexico, about Lolita among the bright white towns and the saguaro deserts. In his dream, she plays in a Central American tennis competition, vying with splendid young California girls, waving and beaming in her tennis whites.

222 EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

A quiet Colorado morning. BIRDSONG. Mist rising in the sun. Humbert walks unsteadily across the lawn to the lobby.

223 INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - MORNING

Humbert on the phone, listening.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Much better. She was up bright and early, the little angel. No sign of fever. And when her Uncle Gustave came to pick her up, we signed her out.

HUMBERT
Who?

223 CONTINUED:

WOMAN (V.O.)
Uncle Gustave, Dolores called him. He had a sweet little dog, and he was awful nice -- had a smile for everyone. And he paid the bill in cash. Oh, and they said to tell you not to worry, keep warm, and they'll be up at Grandpa's place expecting you. And then they went off in that nice big Cadillac.

Humbert sits paralyzed.

224 EXT. STREET - HUMBERT'S CAR DRIVING - DAY

The car screeches around corners. It sideswipes a parked car as Humbert speeds toward the hospital.

225 INT. CAR - DAY

Humbert in dressing gown and pajamas, his face clenched.

226 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The car skids to a halt. Humbert gets out, slams the door, and runs toward the entrance.

227 INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY

Dr. Blue walking with a clipboard, checking a chart. Humbert crashes through the hospital's glass front doors. Through the wardroom window, he sees a middle-aged man in the bed where Lolita had been. He charges at Blue, seizing him by the throat.

HUMBERT
What have you done with her? Where is she? Where is she?

He pushes Blue to the floor and pounces on top of him, banging Blue's head against the floor.

HUMBERT
Where? Where? Where?

Orderlies and nurses fall on Humbert, pulling him away as he flails at them.

HUMBERT
You bastards! You're all in on it! You fucking fiends!

In the struggle, Humbert's head hits the wall with a CRACK. It knocks the wind out of him momentarily, and just as he readies himself for another attack he sees, through the glass doors of the hospital, a police car pulling up outside. He stops struggling. The orderlies hold onto him, warily. Dr. Blue approaches gingerly, rubbing his neck.

227 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT
Look, I'm sorry. I'm very sorry. A little too much to drink -- worrying about my daughter, you know. He's a good man, Uncle Gustave. Grandpa's ranch -- she'll be fine there.

He's backing out of the hospital as he talks.

HUMBERT
We'll all be fine now.

BLUE
You need a little rest, that's all.

HUMBERT
A little rest. How right you are. Thank you. You've been -- thank you.

He leaves. They watch him go.

HOTEL AND MOTEL MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Humbert looks through reception books, examining signatures, murmuring things like "It won't take but a minute." Meanwhile, we hear:

HUMBERT (V.O.)
I searched all our old haunts, and for several months the trail remained warm. The thief, the kidnapper -- whatever you want to call him, he was clever. He would disguise his name, but I could always tell his handwriting. He had very peculiar t's, w's, and l's. It must be hard for you who already know who it was to understand my mystification.

228 CHAMPION HOTEL - RECEPTION DESK

Humbert going through the reception book.

229 CHESTNUT COURT MOTEL - RECEPTION DESK

Humbert going through the reception book.

230 ENCHANTED HUNTERS INN - RECEPTION DESK

Humbert going through the reception book. Mr. Potts and the clerk watch him curiously, and steal a glance at each other.

232 EXT. DESERT - DAY

Humbert's car stationary in the middle of the desert. Wind. SEVERAL different ANGLES on him.

232 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT (V.O.)
Or maybe you think I was imagining things. Maybe you think it impossible that there could have been another like me, another mad lover of nymphets following us over the great and ugly plains. Well, you are right, of course. There was no one else like me.

DISSOLVE TO:

233 EXT. THAYER STREET HOUSE - DAY

Humbert in front of the house, cleaning up the car and throwing what he finds there in a garbage can: Lolita's old comics and movie magazines, Oreo and Wonder Bread packages, banana peels.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
Eventually, the trail went cold and dead. And I went back to cold, dead Beardsley.

234 INT. THAYER STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

Humbert in Lolita's old bedroom. A suitcase is on the bed. He gently folds her shirts, jeans, dresses, and places them in the case. He adds a pair of old sneakers, a crumpled school cap, a pair of galoshes. He lies on the bed and stares at the ceiling.

235 EXT. THAYER STREET - DAY (WINTER)

A Mailman walks up the street on his delivery rounds. Over this the caption: THREE YEARS LATER

236 INT. THAYER STREET HOUSE - LETTER SLIT IN THE FRONT DOOR

Mail tumbles through it and lands on the floor.

237 INT. HALL - DAY

Humbert in pajamas walking slowly toward the door. He seems to be much older. He picks up the mail and begins sorting through it. Mostly bills. Then he sees an envelope written in a childish, rounded hand. We see an INSERT OF THE ENVELOPE. The return address is: "Mrs. Richard F. Schiller, 419 Hunter Road, Coalmont 2, New Jersey."

He walks back to the sitting room, sits down next to a table on which we can see a glass of gin, opens and reads the letter.

LOLITA (V.O.)
November 18, 1952. Dear Dad, How's everything? I'm married. I'm going to have a baby. I guess it'll come right around Christmas. This is a hard letter to write.

(MORE)

237 CONTINUED:

LOLITA (Cont'd)
I'm going nuts because we don't have enough to pay our debts and get out of here. Dick has been promised a big job in Alaska. Are you still mad at me? Please send us a check, Dad. We could manage with three or four hundred, or even less. Anything is welcome. I have gone through much sadness and hardship. Yours expecting, Dolly. (Mrs. Richard F. Schiller).

238 EXT. A GLADE - DAY

On a gray day, Humbert has parked his Melmoth at the end of a dirt road. He has stretched a moth-eaten gray sweater across some branches on a bush, and now he is FIRING his REVOLVER at it. As he shoots, he mutters under his breath.

HUMBERT
Dick. Dick has been promised a big job. Dick has been promised a very big job.

239 EXT. HUNTER ROAD, COALMONT - DAY (DRIZZLE)

The blue Melmoth is creeping down a rutted road. Gray drizzle, red mud, smokestacks in the distance. Coalmont is a dismal town, and this is its drabbest district. The street is lined with clapboard shacks, and Humbert stops at the last one.

240 INT. CAR - DAY

Humbert sits. We hear the SOUND of HAMMERING behind the house. Humbert opens the glove compartment and takes out the revolver. He checks it and puts it in his pocket.

241 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Humbert gets out of the car and slams the door. A DOG emerges from behind the house and WOOFS at him. Humbert goes to the door and rings the bell. The DOG WOOFS again. Humbert puts his hand in his pocket. The door opens.

242 INT. LOLITA'S HOUSE

Lolita is seventeen now, and frankly and hugely pregnant. She is pale and wears pink-rimmed glasses, a brown, sleeveless cotton dress, and sloppy felt slippers.

LOLITA
We-e-ell!

Humbert's hand in his pocket.

HUMBERT
Husband at home?

242 CONTINUED:

LOLITA
Come in.

She flattens herself to let him pass. He squeezes by her bulging belly. His teeth are chattering.

LOLITA
(to the dog)
No! You stay out!

She closes the door. They are in a drab parlor-bedroom that leads down into a kitchen. The back door is open, and through it you can see a young man in overalls perched on a ladder hammering something. Next to him is a plumpish man who is missing an arm.

LOLITA
Where do you want to sit? The rocker or the divan? Come and sit with me on the divan.

They sit. Humbert's face, looking out at DICK.

HUMBERT
Is that him? On the ladder?

LOLITA
You want me to call him in?

Humbert takes his hand off the revolver and sags a little.

HUMBERT
No. He's not the man I want.

They sit on the divan. Lolita looks at him sharply.

LOLITA
He's not the what?

HUMBERT
You know what I'm talking about. Where is he?

LOLITA
You're not going to bring that up.

HUMBERT
I certainly am.

LOLITA
Look, Dick has nothing to do with that stuff. He thinks you're my father. Don't bring up all that muck.

HUMBERT
Who is he? What is his name?

242 CONTINUED: (2)

LOLITA
You already know his name. Why are you doing this?

HUMBERT
Just tell me his name.

LOLITA
Want a cigarette?

HUMBERT
All right.

He makes as if to get up and leave.

LOLITA
You really don't know?

Humbert stands transfixed.

LOLITA
My God, Dad. It was Quilty. Clare Quilty.

Humbert falls back onto the divan. He looks at her.

HUMBERT
(a little dazed)
Yes. Yes, of course.

LOLITA
He wrote that play I was in? 'The Enchanted Hunters'? He was writing it when he saw us that time. At the hotel or inn or whatever it was?

HUMBERT
Quilty. The dentist's brother.

LOLITA
Yeah. He was the only man I was ever crazy about.

HUMBERT
What about Dick?

LOLITA
Oh, Dick's a lamb. I mean, we're happy and all that, but I'm talking about something different.

He looks at her.

LOLITA
You know.

242 CONTINUED: (3)

HUMBERT
And what about me?

Lolita is speechless. She looks at him as though she can't believe he ever expected to be taken seriously.

Humbert's face. He is crushed, obliterated, dying.

NOISE comes from the kitchen, where Dick and his friend BILL are getting themselves beers. Dick comes in, holding out his hand and giving a friendly grin.

LOLITA
(shouting)
Dick, this is my dad. Can you believe it?

Dick shakes Humbert's hand.

DICK
Gosh. Glad to meet you, sir.

The one-armed man, Bill, comes into the room, bringing in the beer cans he's opened with one hand.

LOLITA
And this is Bill. My dad.

BILL
Well, I'll be. Howdy.

HUMBERT
Hello.

They all stand awkwardly for a moment.

BILL
I'll just get back to the job.

LOLITA
No, Bill, stay. Dad, you can sit over there.

Humbert sits in a rickety rocker. Lolita looks around uncomfortably and then goes out into the kitchen. She returns a second later, bearing treats.

LOLITA
We got marshmallows. And we got these potato chips.

DICK
We don't have an awful lot of space, but Dolly and I could set up a mattress in the kitchen, right, Doll? You could have the couch. Folds out into a bed, see?

242 CONTINUED: (4)

HUMBERT
Oh, I'm. I'm not staying. No, thank you very much. I have to be on my way.

LOLITA
(shouting to Dick)
He has to be on his way!
(to Humbert)
Dick's a little deaf. He has to be on his way! Hey, Bill, look at you. You're bleeding.

BILL
Oh. Yeah. How about that?

LOLITA
Let me see that.

Bill's thumb has been cut, and it is dripping. Lolita grabs his hand and hustles him into the kitchen for a bandage. For an awkward moment Dick and Humbert look at each other and then look away. Dick is about to speak, but instead he takes a long sip of beer. More awkward silence.

DICK
You know... Mr. Haze... She's a swell kid. She sure is. And she's going to make a swell mother.

HUMBERT
So you're going to Canada?

Dick looks puzzled. Humbert shouts again.

HUMBERT
Alaska? I mean Alaska?

DICK
You'll ask her what?

HUMBERT
No. You -- Are you going to Alaska?

DICK
Oh. Sorry. He cut it on a jagger, I guess. Lost his right arm in Italy.

Humbert sits dumbfounded. Fortunately, Lolita and Bill return at that moment, Bill holding his bandaged thumb triumphantly aloft.

BILL
Look how she done me.

Dick stands.

242 CONTINUED: (5)

DICK
Well, I guess we got some wires to fix, don't we, Bill. You all probably got loads to talk about.

He smiles. He and Bill go back in the yard. Lolita lights a cigarette, inhales, taps it toward the hearth, and picks a bit of tobacco from her tongue, just as her mother had done.

LOLITA
Sure you don't want a ciggy?

HUMBERT
Where did he take you? What did he do with you?

LOLITA
Oh God.

HUMBERT
Tell me.

LOLITA
Well, everybody knew he liked little girls. He used to film them at this mansion he had in Parkington -- Pavor Manor? But he was a genius. He wasn't like you or me.

HUMBERT
He was a pig.

LOLITA
He understood me. I needed to talk to someone, because I felt so alone.

Humbert stares at her. He is crumbling inside.

LOLITA
See, he wasn't like you. He just wanted to have fun all the time.

HUMBERT
Where did he take you?

LOLITA
Oh, he said he was going to take me to Hollywood to arrange some big audition, but we never got there. We went to this dude ranch, which was pretty amazing -- I mean, they had an indoor waterfall and everything. But the whole thing was drugs and drinking, and of course he was a complete freak when it came to sex. You can't imagine... but I wasn't going to do all those things. I mean I loved him.

242 CONTINUED: (6)

HUMBERT
What things?

LOLITA
You know -- weird, filthy things. Two girls and two boys, and three or four men, and Vivian filming the whole thing. I said no, I'm not going to blow all those beastly boys -- I want you and only you. I was nuts for him, I really was. So he threw me out. Oh, I love this song.

She cocks her ear toward Dick's RADIO, which is PLAYING something sweet and sad. For a moment she closes her eyes and sways to the tune. Humbert stares at her, at her ropy hands and white arms and her enormous belly. The music fills the room.

HUMBERT (V.O.)
I looked and looked at her, and I knew, as clearly as I know that I will die, that I loved her more than anything I had ever seen or imagined on earth. She was only the dead-leaf echo of the nymphet from long ago -- but I lover her, this Lolita, pale and polluted and big with another man's child. She could fade and wither -- I didn't care. I would still go mad with tenderness at the mere sight of her face.

HUMBERT
Lolita, I just have to say this. From here to that old car you know so well is a stretch of twenty-five paces. Make those twenty-five steps. With me. Now.

LOLITA
You're saying you'll give us the money if I go to a motel with you?

HUMBERT
No, no, no. I mean leave here now, and come live with me. And die with me, and everything with me.

LOLITA
You're crazy.

HUMBERT
If you refuse, you still get the money.

LOLITA
No kidding?

He hands her an envelope. She tears it open and gasps.

242 CONTINUED: (7)

LOLITA
You're giving us four thousand bucks?

Humbert bursts into tears. He covers his face, sobbing. She touches his wrist.

HUMBERT
No. Don't touch me. I'll die if you touch me. Is there no hope of your coming with me? Tell me.

LOLITA
No, honey, no. I'd almost rather -- oops.

She drops the envelope on the floor. Time stands still. She bends to pick it up. As she does, he speaks, half-sobbing, almost to himself.

HUMBERT
Did you call me honey?

LOLITA
Listen, I think it's really great of you to give us all this dough. It makes everything possible for Dick and me. Oh, don't cry. Let me get you another beer. Want another beer?

HUMBERT
Lo.

LOLITA
Look, I'm sorry I cheated so much, but that's the way things are, okay? Stop crying, okay?

Humbert stands, goes to the window, takes a few deep breaths, and stops crying.

HUMBERT
I'll go.

LOLITA
Can I call Dick to say goodbye?

HUMBERT
No. I don't want to see him at all, at all.

They walk toward the door and look out. Humbert smiles a little through his tears.

HUMBERT
The old car. Remember?

242 CONTINUED: (8)

LOLITA
It's looking kind of purplish around the gills.

The DOG joins them and starts BARKING. Lolita moves toward Humbert as if to give him a little goodbye peck. He jerks away. He looks at her.

HUMBERT
Lo, can you ever forget what I've done to you?

Lolita looks at him for a moment. Then down at the dog.

LOLITA
Say goodbye, Molly. Say goodbye to my dad.

243 EXT. LOLITA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Humbert walks down the steps and gets into the car. In the background Lolita calls, "Hey, Dick! Guess what?"

Humbert watches her go around the house toward the back yard. He starts the car and drives slowly down the street. The DOG follows, WOOFING at the car.

244 INT./EXT. HUMBERT'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Moths in the headlights. Dark barns. A drive-in movie with a gigantic screen, slanting away among the fields. A figure on the screen raises a film-noir gun, prepares to shoot -- and then passing trees obscure the view.

245 INT. HUMBERT'S CAR BY PAVOR MANOR -- EARLY MORNING

Humbert reaches into the glove compartment and takes out his gun, which is bandaged up like a maimed limb. He has over-oiled it, and the black oil gets all over his hands. He pushes a cartridge magazine into its butt. He wraps a handful of spare bullets in a rag and puts them in his pocket. Then, as he goes to close the glove compartment, a glint catches his eye. It is a three-year-old bobby pin, covered with dust. He picks it up, looks at it lovingly, blows the dust off it, and places it carefully on the dashboard.

He grabs a gin bottle sitting on the seat by his side, and takes a long swig. The CAMERA PULLS OUT to reveal a gate opening onto a long, woodsy driveway. A sign says: PAVOR MANOR. Humbert drives up the driveway.

Brilliant sunlight through his windshield. BIRDS SHRIEK and dive. He stops the car among the trees. He pats the gun in his pocket, grasps the bottle of gin, and takes one more long drink. He gets out and walks toward the door. He rings the bell.

Silence. He tries the knocker.

245 CONTINUED:

Silence. He pushes the DOOR. It CREAKS open.

246 INT. PAVOR MANOR - DAY

Spacious and ugly hall. Humbert creeps in, hand on pocket, peering about him. In an adjacent drawing room, signs of tumult, glasses on the carpet, empty bottles, dirty ashtrays and plates.

Humbert trudges up the gloomy staircase. He reaches the landing and begins to creep down the corridor. He passes a library full of flowers. He passes a bare room with mirrors and a polar bearskin rug. He goes down the hall, looking into empty rooms, and locking them with the keys he finds sticking out of keyholes. The KEYS JINGLE in his pockets as he walks.

247 INT. HALLWAY

A bathroom door. Humbert approaches it. He hears a FLUSHING SOUND, and Quilty comes out, wearing a purple bathrobe. He walks past Humbert without seeming to notice him. He goes down the stairs. Humbert follows.

248 INT. PAVOR MANOR

Quilty wanders through the house, oblivious. Humbert follows, his step drunken and springy, a cartoonish exaggeration of a hunter's stalking gait. He CRUNCHES a cocktail GLASS underfoot. Finally, in an Oriental parlor, Quilty turns and faces Humbert.

QUILTY
Now who are you? Are you by any chance Brewster?

HUMBERT
If you like.

Quilty looks pleased. They sit, Humbert holding the gun.

QUILTY
You know, you don't look like Jack Brewster. I mean, the resemblance is not particularly striking. Somebody told me he had a brother with the same phone company.

HUMBERT
I am neither of the Brewsters.

QUILTY
Oh. So you haven't come to bother me about those long-distance calls? People -- I'm not accusing you, Brewster, I'm talking about people in general. They come in without even knocking, and they use the kitchen, they use the phone.
(MORE)

248 CONTINUED:

QUILTY (Cont'd)
Phil calls Philadelphia. Pat calls Patagonia. I refuse to pay.

HUMBERT
Quilty, do you recall a little girl named Dolores Haze? Dolly Haze?

QUILTY
Sure. She could have made a few calls. Who cares?

HUMBERT
I do, Quilty. You see, I am her father.

A look of recognition flickers in Quilty's eyes.

QUILTY
Nonsense. You're a foreigner. You're an agent of a foreign power. You're a foreign literary agent.

HUMBERT
She was my child.

QUILTY
I'm very fond of children myself. And fathers -- I love fathers.

Beating his pockets, Quilty attempts to rise from his seat.

HUMBERT
Down!

Quilty sits.

QUILTY
Don't roar at me, Brewster. I'm dying for a smoke.

HUMBERT
You're dying anyway.

QUILTY
Look, you're beginning to bore me. Why don't you -- Say, that's a swell little gun you've got there. What do you want for her?

Quilty stretches his hand toward the gun, and Humbert slaps it down. They knock over a box on a low table, and Drome cigarettes fall out. Quilty picks one up.

QUILTY
Got a light?

248 CONTINUED: (2)

HUMBERT
Quilty, I want you to concentrate. You're about to die.

Quilty is pulling apart the cigarette and munching bits of the tobacco. Humbert points the gun at the carpet and pulls the trigger. The GUN CLICKS. Quilty looks at his foot, at the pistol, at his foot. Humbert pulls the trigger again. The GUN GOES OFF, but the bullet enters the rug.

QUILTY
Give me that thing, for Christ's sake.

Quilty reaches for the gun. Humbert pushes him back in the chair.

HUMBERT
Do you want to be executed sitting or standing?

QUILTY
Ah, let me think. Not an easy question.

HUMBERT
Try to understand what is happening to you.

QUILTY
Listen, I made a mistake. Which I regret -- sincerely. You see, I didn't even have any fun with your Dolly. I am practically impotent, to tell you the melancholy truth.
(feeling sorry for himself)
I did give her a splendid vacation. She met some remarkable people. Do you happen to know --

Suddenly, Quilty lurches forward on top of Humbert, sending the pistol hurtling under a chest of drawers. Humbert shoves him back in his chair. Quilty puffs a little and folds his arms. Humbert, watching him to see how groggy he really is, begins to stoop toward the chest of drawers. He stoops and glances. Quilty is still, yet watching him carefully. Humbert risks another little stoop. Quilty sighs impatiently.

QUILTY
My dear sir, stop trifling with life and death. I am a widely acclaimed playwright. I know all the ropes when it comes to melodrama. So why don't you just let me handle this? What happens now is that I fetch a poker and then we can fish out your little property.

248 CONTINUED: (3)

As he says this, he slowly rises, feigning nonchalance. But Humbert's eye catches a glint of the gun peeking from beneath the chest, and both of them dive for it. They roll all over the floor. Quilty is naked under his robe. For a moment, he almost suffocates Humbert. Finally, Humbert retrieves the gun.

The two of them sit, panting hard, looking at each other. Humbert points the gun at Quilty.

HUMBERT
Stay still.

QUILTY
Now look here, Mac. You are drunk, and I am a sick man. I need a nurse. To nurse my impotence. Listen, we are both men of the world. If you bear me a grudge, I am ready to make amends.

HUMBERT
You cheated me of my redemption. You have to die.

QUILTY
I have no idea what you're talking about. Really, you have to admit you were never an ideal stepfather. I didn't force your little protegee to join me. It was she who made me remove her to a happier home. Now look. See this house? Not as modern as that ranch she and I shared with dear friends, but it's roomy, cool in the summer, very comfortable. I suggest you move in. I'll retire to England or Florence or somewhere, and this place is yours, gratis. Under the condition you stop pointing that fucking gun at me.

HUMBERT
Do you have anything serious to say before dying?

QUILTY
Drop that gun. By the way, I don't know if you care for the bizarre, but if you do, I can offer you as a house pet a rather exciting little freak, a lady with three breasts, one a dandy -- drop that gun. I think you'll be happy here. We have a most reliable and bribable charwoman -- cleaning lady is the American term. She has not only daughters but granddaughters, and I know a thing or two about the chief of police that makes him my slave. Drop that gun.
(MORE)

248 CONTINUED: (4)

QUILTY (Cont'd)
Oh, another thing -- you're going to like this. I have an absolutely unique collection of erotica upstairs -- drop that gun -- and moreover I can arrange for you to attend executions, not everybody knows the chair is painted yellow --

Humbert FIRES. The bullet hits a black rocking chair, causing it to rock madly. In an instant, Quilty is up and out of the room, wiggling his fingers in the air.

249 INT. PAVOR MANOR - MUSIC ROOM

Quilty rushes into the music room, and he and Humbert tug at the door, Quilty trying to close it and Humbert struggling to open it.

Humbert wins, whereupon Quilty careers over to the piano, sits down and plays several hysterical chords. Humbert FIRES again, and this time he hits Quilty in the side. Quilty rises, his head thrown back in a howl.

250 INT. PAVOR MANOR - HALLWAY

Quilty hurtles himself into the hall. Humbert follows.

Quilty, suddenly dignified and morose, walks up the stairs. Humbert SHOOTS four more times, and hits Quilty every time. With each hit, Quilty's face twitches as if he were exaggerating the pain, and he shivers. As the two of them proceed, Quilty mutters under his breath in a fake British accent.

QUILTY
Ah, that hurts, sir... Ah, that hurts atrociously, my dear fellow... Ah -- very painful, very painful indeed. Yes... Ah, God, you should not continue in this fashion, really.

Quilty reaches the landing but staggers on. Humbert climbs the stairs, reloading. His hands are bloody and black with oil from the gun. Quilty trudges from room to room, bleeding majestically. Humbert follows him. Quilty is still muttering.

QUILTY
Well, I think we've had quite enough of that for one day, haven't we?

Humbert FIRES again and hits Quilty in the head.

251 INT. PAVOR MANOR - MASTER BEDROOM

Quilty enters the master bedroom with a burst of royal purple where his ear had been. He curls up in his bed, wrapping the chaotic bedclothes about him.

251 CONTINUED:

QUILTY
(coughing and spitting)
Get out! Get out of here!

Humbert FIRES and hits Quilty through the bedclothes. A big pink bubble forms in Quilty's mouth and suddenly vanishes. We watch Humbert's face as he watches Quilty die. Humbert sinks into a chair. He looks blank, awed. Flies perch on Quilty's head. Humbert looks down. He is holding one of Quilty's slippers as though it were a gun. He tosses it aside and feels under him -- he has been sitting on the gun. He looks at it. Gradually, he becomes aware of a HUM of VOICES and RADIO MUSIC. He goes out of the room.

252 INT. PAVOR MANOR - THE LANDING AND STAIRS - DAY

Humbert looks down to the first floor. In the hall and sitting room are a FAT MAN in an easy chair and two dark-haired young GIRLS, side by side on a davenport. A RED-FACED MAN is emerging from the kitchen, carrying glasses. In the kitchen three other WOMEN are chatting. Humbert descends the stairs. He looks monstrous. The visitors observe him with mild curiosity.

HUMBERT
I have just killed Clare Quilty.

RED-FACED MAN
Good for you.

FAT MAN
Someone ought to have done it long ago.

FADED BLONDE
What's he saying, Tony?

RED-FACED MAN
Says he's killed Cue.

FADED BLONDE
Good. One of these days, I will too.

FAT MAN
We all should, really.

General chuckling.

RED-FACED MAN
Anyway, he'd better come down if we're going to get to that game.

FAT MAN
Give Killer here a drink.

The two girls on the davenport smile at Humbert.

GIRL
Want a drink, Killer?

252 CONTINUED:

Humbert stares at them for a moment, coming to his senses.

HUMBERT
No, thank you. Thank you all the same.

He staggers out of the room, out of the house.

253 EXT. PAVOR MANOR DRIVEWAY - DAY

There are rows of cars parked outside now, and Humbert has to squeeze between them to get into the old blue Melmoth. He begins to drive down the Pavor Manor driveway.

254 EXT. NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

We are at the beginning again. The Melmoth drives slowly just outside a small town. It creeps over into the left lane, where it zigzags very evenly. Cars come at it, then swerve into the opposite lane, HONKING.

255 EXT. INTERSECTION IN A SMALL TOWN - DAY

The light turns red, but the Melmoth sails through it.

The gun sits on the seat next to Humbert. The CAMERA TILTS UP to his hands on the steering wheel. Between his right thumb and index finger, the bobby pin.

256 INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Two Cops in the car. The driver slides the radio microphone back in its holster, glances at his partner, and guns the engine.

257 EXT. BEHIND A BILLBOARD - DAY

Two motorcycle Cops give a sharp nod and pull onto the highway.

258 EXT. HUMBERT'S CAR

It weaves as cars swerve to avoid him. SOUND of the WIND.

259 REAR VIEW MIRROR

A line of cops, some in cruisers, some on motorbikes.

260 EXT. A ROADBLOCK

Humbert sees it, nods to himself, and drives gently off the road, his car bumping up a huge green hill.

261 INT. HUMBERT'S CAR

He lurches with the bumps, smiling a little, almost as though the bumpiness gave him pleasure.

262 EXT. A HERD OF COWS

They look up in mild surprise as Humbert's car boings to a halt in their midst. Humbert gets out, and, staggering slightly, makes his way a few steps beyond the cows to the top of a hill.

263 EXT. HUMBERT'S POV

A valley: a little town, fields, behind them great timbered mountains. Small grasshoppers spurt out of roadside weeds. Lights are beginning to twinkle as dusk falls, and we hear CHILDREN in the square below. Their SOUND rises.

Humbert stands still.

HUMBERT
(half whispering)
Lo-li-ta.

We PULL BACK to see the police coming up the hill behind him.

The SOUND of the CHILDREN rises until it is all we hear.

264 CUT TO BLACK

Over the rising credits, we still hear the children, along with Humbert's voice:

HUMBERT (V.O.)
What I heard then was the melody of children at play, nothing but that. And I knew that the hopelessly poignant thing was not Lolita's absence from my side, but the absence of her voice from that chorus. And now I make the following decision with all the legal impact of a signed testament: I wish this memoir to be made public only when Lolita and I are both dead. Thus neither of us is alive when these words are heard. Yet the blood is still throbbing in my veins as I speak them. So I can still wish you well, Lolita, the way a father would, from here to Alaska. Be true to your husband. Do not let other fellows touch you. Do not talk to strangers. I hope you will love your baby. I hope it will be a boy. That husband of yours, I hope, will always treat you well, because otherwise my ghost will come at him like black smoke, like a demented giant, and pull him apart nerve by nerve. And do not pity Clare Quilty.
(MORE)

264 CONTINUED:

HUMBERT (Cont'd)
One had to choose between him and Humbert, and one wanted Humbert to exist at least a couple of months longer, so as to have him make you live in the minds of later generations. For this is the only immortality you and I may share, my Lolita.

THE END